

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

## The Week.

THE last act of the great Franco-German war drama is apparently opening. The Prussians, having advanced on the shortest roads from Sedan and Châlons, have arrived before Paris, and by the time another week is passed, that capital will probably be cut off from communication with the country, and the world will look with suspense at the spectacle, unwitnessed since the times of Nineveh and Babylon, of a city with millions of inhabitants defying, with more or less earnestness of determination, the horrors of a siege, for the sake of national honor and integrity. The principal question will be, how long will Paris be willing to stand a siege? Victor Hugo, who has just returned from exile, with no portion of his effervescent patriotism and astonishingly silly grandiloquence left behind, has no hesitation in telling the world that, "this city, which yesterday was Sybaris, to-morrow may be Saragossa;" and, after warning William, Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, and the Princes, of forts, and ramparts behind the forts, and barricades behind the ramparts, and "mines of powder ready to blow whole streets into the air," he flings at them the "terrible sentence: To take Paris stone by stone; to extinguish that great light in each street, in each house, soul by soul." We, on our part, do not believe that Paris, degraded as she has become during the two decades of Napoleonic rule, has sunk quite to the level of a Sybaris, nor do we believe her possessed of the degree of fanaticism required in even attempting to play Saragossa. Such fanaticism is kindled only by struggles for existence. Neither Saguntum, nor Carthage, nor Numantia would have been destroyed, "stone by stone," had the contest been waged for boundaries, nor would Jerusalem have been extinguished, "soul by soul," had Titus demanded only the cession of a strip of land in Galilee.

And it appears plain that the men in power in Paris, Trochu, Jules Favre, Gambetta, and all, take the same view of matters. They are doing their best in rendering the capital defensible and in encouraging the people to resist, in order to gain time for negotiating a peace, and to add weight to their demand that its stipulations should not be unbearably humiliating to France. To stand a siege with the resolution of concluding peace only after victory, could be thought of only if a rescue by a national army in the field, or by foreign allies, could in time be expected; but the regular armies of France are either entirely annihilated or entirely cut off; no new levies can be raised and armed powerful enough to cope with the victorious hundred thousands of the enemy; and as for waiting until the Russians or Austrians, were they willing to do it, could "march on Berlin," or even threaten Silesia, Paris with its millions has too many mouths. There can hardly be any doubt that both Russia and Austria, and with them all other states of Europe, apprehensive as they all are of the extraordinary growth of the power of Prussia, desire France to come out of the contest as uncurtailed in extent and strength as still possible, but effectively to aid her at this crisis none is both willing and able. Russia, though she does not conceal her repugnance to the republican form of government France has proclaimed, offers her good services in mediating for an armistice; Austria, who would have no objection even to a red republic were it only likely to stem the tide of Prussian expansion, does the same; Lord Lyons, Señor Olozaga, and Chevalier Nigra are busy in turn working for the same purpose; and Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and Portugal have gone as far as to acknowledge the new French Government after the example of the United States; but this is all that has been done for France in her hour of supreme trial. She is left to her own vanishing resources, or rather to the tender mercies of King William and Count Bismarck.

What the ultimate intentions of these two high personages are—after the stupendous successes the Prussian arms have achieved—suc-

cesses such as might turn the head of the coolest and wisest of conquerors—it is hard to surmise. On one side we have had the assurance of Bismarck—expressed, it is true, before the surrender at Sedan—that Prussia desires no annexation of territories inhabited by populations unwilling to become citizens of Germany, and that she will insist only on the surrender and cession to the Confederation of the fortresses of Strasbourg and Metz. On the other hand, we have a telegram from Berlin, of the 9th inst., announcing that "after a protracted conference among the members of the North German Confederation, it has been decided that the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are to be annexed to Germany," though not specially to Prussia. The pressure of public opinion in Germany seems also to be very heavy in this direction. The more or less weighty influence the advice of England and the other neutrals can exercise with King William, will probably all be thrown into the scale in favor of France. Other arguments for moderation may be suggested by the heavy cannon of the forts of Paris, and by even a temporary attitude of boldness and energy on the part of Trochu and his associates, especially if it should meet with a responsive echo in the departments. The King seems to consider and to treat Napoleon as the still legitimate ruler of France, and there are indications that, in spite of the apparent adhesion generally given by the French people to the Republic, there are among them many who look at it in the light of an interregnum, to be terminated either by a Napoleonic restoration, as Piétri, Schneider, and those Bonapartist members of the majority expect who left the late Corps Législatif before the *déchéance* was pronounced, or by the final decision of a new Constituent Assembly. If Thiers, as is reported, has entered upon a tour of negotiations with the neutral great powers, his diplomatic mission will probably embrace the dynastic question no less than the territorial, whatever his instructions may be.

We do not know in whose name, whether as subjects of the captive Emperor or as citizens of the new Republic, Marshal Bazaine and General Ulric continue their gallant defence of Metz and Strasbourg, respectively. It was insufficiency of numbers, coupled with a fatally blundering strategy, which destroyed the armies of France in this war; the tactics of the commanders proved of unequal merit on the various battle-fields; but the prowess of the French soldier remained un eclipsed even among the greatest disasters. In the defence of fortified places, where overwhelming forces are sure of success only in the long run, and where energy and vigilance take the place of strategy and tactics, the French generals and gunners have shown themselves everywhere worthy of their trusts. The only fortified places the Prussians have as yet succeeded in reducing are Lützelstein, Marsal, Herny, and the citadel of Laon, all insignificant, while they have suffered checks before Pfalzbourg, Verdun, Montmédy, and Toul, have not even attempted the investment of Bitsch, Thionville, or Longwy, and are making slow progress before Strasbourg and Metz. Toul seems to be annoying them greatly, situated as it is on their main road of communication with Germany, by which they receive their reinforcements and supplies. The report published in Paris of a repulse of the enemy by the garrison of that little fortress, which placed "more than 10,000 Prussians *hors de combat*," belongs, of course, to that class of news which is employed to "fire the heart." We doubt whether all the besiegers and defenders together amounted to that number. The explosion of the citadel of Laon, after its surrender, seems not to have been destructive of French lives alone. Among the wounded is Duke William of Mecklenburg, a brother of the commander of the Prussian Sixth Army.

But the Prussians can easily console themselves for not having as yet reduced any of the important fortresses of France, after penning, at the Royal headquarters at Rheims, or reading in the journals of Berlin, an official announcement like the following: "More than 25,000 French prisoners were captured in front of Sedan, before the capitulation on the 2d inst. By the capitulation, 83,000 prisoners fell into our

hands. Of these, 14,000 were wounded. Besides the prisoners, 400 field-pieces, including 70 mitrailleuses, 150 siege-guns, 10,000 horses, and an immense amount of war material, were surrendered." Of the many reinforcements sent to MacMahon from Paris, only the force under General Vinoy, which did not reach him, has returned to that city. Vinoy, who, like Trochu, commanded a division in the Italian war, is now one of the few somewhat prominent generals left to France after the capture of MacMahon's army and the surrounding of Bazaine's. What they may be able to do with the demoralized or yet unorganized materials now under their hand will soon be seen if a speedy peace does not spare France a further and probably useless effusion of blood. Baraguey d'Hilliers, who some weeks ago was sent to Tours, may possibly be organizing the much-spoken-of but as yet rather shadowy army south of the Loire. Marseilles is, of all distant towns, the most zealous in sending mobile guards to reinforce the garrison of Paris. That southern town evinces the most of that spirit invoked by the French Republican Government—the spirit of 1792. Paris itself is tranquil, little disturbed by the now stifled demagogic ravings of the *Marseillaise*—a newspaper the sanctum of which that redoubtable adventurer, General Cluseret, of Franco-American notoriety, managed to invade for a time.

The King of Prussia has, it is said, not yet recognized the Republic as his adversary, and does not show much disposition to do so, which is not wonderful. To do so is to make worthless his Imperial captive, one of the most magnificent prizes ever made in war, and whom he has gorgeously caged in Hesse-Cassel. Besides this, he has to be a little careful that any body of persons whom he now treats with as representing France not only holds the reins of authority amid the tumult of the present crisis, but is likely to hold it, and have its acts endorsed by the French people after the war is over. It is easy enough for lookers-on to "recognize the Republic;" a recognition costs nothing, and just now secures a good deal of gratitude from Frenchmen; but those who have to make contracts which shall bind France may be forgiven for doubting whether the Provisional Government is authorized to bind it, and for awaiting more light. It is only about four months since the French people confirmed Louis Napoleon in possession of the Imperial power by an enormous majority, and they did not provide that he should be dethroned in case he lost a battle or was taken prisoner by the enemy. Thus far, therefore, the Prussians may fairly say that he is still the legitimate sovereign of France, and the Provisional Government usurpers who have taken advantage of the public misfortunes to foist themselves into power with the aid of the mob. If it be said that France is tired of the Empire, the answer is ready that France must show this in the regular way, by a popular vote; that the only evidence of it thus far is newspaper reports; that what universal suffrage has set up, universal suffrage only is competent to overthrow; and that there must be an election before the Republic can be said to be established. That this position, or something like this, will be taken by the King, is rendered all the more probable from his detestation of republicanism, though Bismarck will doubtless be in favor of taking a practical view of the matter, and treating anybody as France who will pay over money and cede fortresses in her name. We have no doubt that King William will refuse as long as he can to acknowledge that he has really dethroned a brother monarch and set up a republic.

About the French Republic, our advice to people who attach importance to the formation of rational opinions on all questions, home and foreign, would be to suspend their judgment for the present. No French republic is worthy of confidence, support, or respect which keeps up the standing army, as French republics have hitherto done. The course of the present one on this point, after peace is made, will indicate whether it is a real republic or only a sham. It is impossible to judge it by the men who have come first to the front in the Provisional Government. They are almost sure to be swept away, as the Lamartines, Ledru Rollins, and Louis Blancs were in 1848. We have the highest respect for most of them, and their course thus far has been marked by courage, ability, and good sense; but they are not France, and they cannot of themselves make a republic. That of

1848 was ushered in under much more favorable auspices, and the first thing it did was to elect a military adventurer as president, and in the second year of its existence it sent an army to subjugate the Romans and restore a stupid and effete despotism. At the same time, with such men as Favre, and Pelletan, and Gambetta—who has just defined his position in a very able and sensible letter—at the helm, we ought not to allow ourselves to be prejudiced against the new régime by the "lyric cries" with which Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, and other political philosophers of the same school are greeting it. There is no use in Frenchmen telling us any more that they could have a very fine republic in France if only certain wicked people would abandon their evil ways, and certain foolish people act wisely. In setting up governments, the existence of knaves and fools is one of the conditions of the problem, and success in solving it depends on the ability of the better part of the community to have its own way against the worse.

The position of England, which has all along been a very active peacemaker—Lord Lyons having labored earnestly with the Duc de Gramont before the outbreak of the war—is now becoming positively ludicrous. Looking about to see who is most to blame for all that has happened, the French, Prussians, Austrians, Danes, and Russians, not to speak of the Fenians, seem to be heartily agreed that it is England, and that she ought to get a good thrashing from somebody, though we suspect the general readiness to assail her is due to the fact that she can't be got at on land, and nobody has a fleet big enough for the job of assailing her at sea; so that abuse of her furnishes harmless entertainment, and relieves the feelings of the combatants without expense. The French are intensely irritated by the sympathy for Prussia displayed by the people and press, and the Prussians by the continued sale of arms, munitions of war, and of coal to the French—a resource from which Prussia is cut off by the want of a navy. The sympathy for Prussia is partly due to Teutonism, Protestantism, and race; the hostility to France to the discovery of the Benedetti draft, which showed that her Imperial ally was ready to seize Belgium, whose existence she had guaranteed, and join Prussia in chastising her if she resisted. The French fury against her is a just retribution for having helped more than any other power to build up the Empire, and make it respectable. The Queen was the first sovereign to kiss Louis Napoleon and welcome him into the royal tribe; and the Crimean war was undertaken partly to win his good graces, and ended in his glorification and the humiliation of England. The commercial treaty which sanctified him in Mr. Cobden's eyes, whatever its economical value, was owing to the manner of its negotiation, one of the greatest of the Imperial outrages on the French people, and the chuckling of the English free-traders over it was very discreditable. In short, no power in Europe did nearly so much to bolster the Emperor up as England; and his relations to her made the Belgian proposition even worse than it seemed on the surface.

She has, by way of keeping out of scrapes like the *Alabama* affair, passed an amended act for the enforcement of her neutrality, that provides all the machinery for the fulfilment of her international obligations which the United States asked for during the war, and which was scornfully refused. This some papers, the *Evening Post* and *Harper's Weekly* among the number, hail as a formal surrender of the English position on the *Alabama* question; but it in reality does nothing for the settlement of that question. Our contemporaries apparently forget where the controversy was left off. The United States insisted on submitting to arbitration, first, the question whether England was right in recognizing the belligerency of the South when she did; and, secondly, whether she exercised "due diligence" in trying to stop the *Alabama*. England refuses to submit either of these to arbitration, but offers to pay the damage done, without further discussion of the origin of the quarrel, and without any formal confession of wrong-doing. This the United States says will not do. How, then, does the new Neutrality Act help the matter?

The papers do the regulation amount of talking of the regulation sort, but the Republican is a rare one who sees just how the party was benefited by the State Convention at Saratoga last week, unless, in-



deed, it is salutary for Republicans that Mr. Fenton and Mr. Conkling should get together, Mr. Thomas Murphy being added to them, and "have it out" with each other, using the delegates, the platform, the Federal and State patronage, as the men, means, and munitions of the private war that they are carrying on for their own and our glory and honor. No one not down in the ring himself can understand the manœuvring of New York politicians; but the general battle seems to be simple in its outlines. Fenton wished to show the Administration and the Senate that he "runs the machine" in this State, and that though Conkling may have the President's ear, it is he who lays down the law in the rural districts. It is said that, at one time, he "had the convention fixed"—that is to say, could count a majority of the delegates as "Fenton men." Mr. Conkling's simple game was to tell every Fenton man who was at all weak in the knees that to go for Fenton was to go against the Administration; or, to put it roughly, if he assisted Fenton's plans, Conkling would see that his office, if he had one, should be taken away from him, while, if he did what Conkling wanted, an office, if he had none, should be given him. These negotiations went on actively all night, but it is alleged that, more time being desirable, on the morning of the decisive day a gang of Conklingites, from this city, broke into the hall, and made a lively fight, which secured an hour or so of delay before they could be ejected. As the result of these labors and some less violent sharp practice, which we regret that we have not space to dwell upon, the Fenton men were beaten. But as the party, strange to say, is going to get a sound thrashing at the polls in November, Fenton is understood to have been not sorry for his defeat, as he cannot be held responsible for a policy not of his framing and men not of his choosing. The Conkling men seem to have been rather embarrassed by their victory, for they made little use of it. For a moment it looked as if they might give us something better than the hack politicians for candidates; but this was only for a moment. Mr. Curtis, who would have made a good fight, was thrown overboard, and so was Mr. Greeley, who was understood to have the friendship of Fenton and, at least, not the ill wishes of Conkling, but who really has the ill-will of most of the managers, and is never rewarded by them for his services. The candidate is General Stewart L. Woodford—a name of no weight, but strong in that organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, which seems to take more interest in politics than it used to say it did.

The resolutions that the convention passed are as worthy of curious contemplation as Mr. Murphy's handling of his Custom-House, or the skilful obedience to Mr. Conkling's orders of Mr. Charles Spencer, who still adorns the party. Platforms, to be sure, are never apt to be very satisfying reading. This one congratulates the noble German people on its righteous victories, and hails with unmingled joy the establishment of the Republic by the noble French people. It sympathizes with Cuba. The prohibitionists having sent a committee to enforce their claims on the framers of the party policy, the convention resolved that so long as the people of towns and cities have the right to license the sale of intoxicating beverages within their corporate limits, they should also have the right to prohibit the sale—an order of arrangement and a pair of statements that may placate the lager-beer drinkers. The payments made on the national debt are applauded, and so is the reduction of taxation. Election frauds are denounced, and Grant's Administration praised in the usual terms. On one thing the platform speaks out plainly, denouncing the subventions to sectarian schools. The missing resolutions about the Republican opinion that Georgia's case needs no more of Mr. Bullock's attention; that the internal revenue system needs overhauling; that the Civil Service system which keeps Collector Murphy at Saratoga threatening and promising and pulling wires, and brings him home to cut off the heads of a hundred and fifty custom-house clerks "after the Saratoga Convention," needs some looking after; that the party intends to lower taxation still further; that it will do what it can to put an end to monopolist tariff-rates, and thus remove the heaviest and most odious of our taxes—these resolutions which do not appear, make it plain that the Republican party's national policy will have to be hammered out in Washington next winter, and that it has none now.

We have had one or two glimpses of the dreadful fires which glow beneath the gentle humanities and smooth platitudes of the platforms, in a pair of "little digs" at Mr. George W. Curtis which have appeared in the *Tribune* on two successive days, and which indicate that, in Mr. Greeley's opinion, Mr. Curtis would have been glad to get the nomination, and bid for it in his speech, and, by allowing his name to be used, ruined Mr. Greeley's own chances, and has changed his mind about office since he refused the Secretaryship of State last year, and was guilty of very unhandsome behavior in saying on that occasion that he thought editors ought not to take office—the editor of the *Tribune* being then a candidate for the State Comptrollership, and that, in short, Mr. Curtis is, on the whole, rather a sorry fellow, who would be the better of being pinched or having sand put in his bed.

In Massachusetts, the New York doctrine of local prohibition has been elevated into law, the Legislature having at its last session authorized any town that wished, to vote on the first Tuesday of the month on the question whether they would permit the sale of ale, strong beer, and lager-beer. The voting took place, and was everywhere light, the general result being that in the cities and large towns such liquors may hereafter be sold, and in small towns they may not. The lightness of the vote is to be in great part accounted for, we suppose, by the fact that most of the drinkers of these and similar liquors can buy them with perfect freedom even as the matter stands now. The fact that, light as the vote was, it was in most of the towns very disproportionately light on the side opposed to prohibition, is to be explained in part by the reason just given, and in part, it is likely, by the fact that many men who use liquors, and many men who disbelieve in compulsory temperance as temperance of a poor sort, and who think the compulsion odious, would nevertheless answer No to a question whether they wished a dram-shop next door. The prohibitionists will be still dissatisfied, but we imagine they will lose some of their strength as well as some of their ardor. They urge against local prohibition, that it betrays the principle that it is the state's duty to stop the traffic, and they add to this the argument from expediency—that if one town allows the sale, and the next does not, the beer-drinkers will merely take a walk and collect in the second town. But the smaller towns, at least, have adopted prohibition in such numbers that it seems as if the system would be almost a county system rather than a town-ship system. However, it is of little practical consequence; it will be pretty much as before—the prohibitionists will have about as much law as they like, but not quite, and the others about as much liquor, but not got with quite so much ease and openness.

The Vermont and Maine elections would seem to show that while there is no doubt that numbers of the more expectant, and more exacting, and more intelligent of the supporters of Grant for the Presidency have been more or less disappointed in his course—though certainly never to the degree of condemning his general course or giving him up—the people, the average voters, are, on the whole, well satisfied with his Administration. It is proper to remember, however, that in Maine the party said pretty plainly, in promise to the people, that while it believed in paying the national debt, it wished a reduction of taxation, both internal and external, and thought manufactures too much "protected." This, no doubt, had some influence on the result. There are Democratic gains in both these States, too, and in Maine they are heavy. Something over 12,000 was the Republican majority last year and this year, although the vote is very heavy; and although, despite Speaker Blaine's assertion that there has been no organized campaign, the popular interest was very lively; and although the Republican strength was not divided by the secession of the strict prohibitionists, the majority will probably fall as low as to 5,000, and may fall below that number. It is not easy to make a New England State give up its favorite party, and the political leaders of the Republican party may look on the present condition of things as full of warning. It is impossible to say, as we write, whether Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Morrill has most friends in the Legislature. Should the Republican differences not be settled in caucus, it is not unlikely that the Democrats and Mr. Chamberlain's friends will have things all their own way.

## THE TERMS OF PEACE.

THE proclamation of the Republic in Paris has, in the minds of a great many people in this country, completely changed the character of the conflict now going on in France. It has, they think, put Prussia in a different position before the world, and France too, and made necessary what may be called a revision of our sympathies. Prussia, a great many of us think—and the French evidently think so too—ought now to be satisfied with what she has done, and withdraw her troops. The Emperor, who was the real originator of the war, having been overthrown, the object of the war is accomplished, even if its object was vengeance as well as security; and the form of government in France being now republican, it is imperative on Americans to transfer their sympathies to France, and wish her well out of her present scrape without any detriment or humiliation beyond what she has suffered from the recent defeats.

In so far as this change is one of feeling, there is little to be said against it. There is no use in telling anybody that he ought not to feel sorry for the unfortunate. The gods love the victors, but Cato the vanquished. We all instinctively range ourselves by the side of the man whose sword is broken and whose strength is exhausted, and there is in the spectacle of French defeat an unusually large number of claims to commiseration. But if this feeling is going to influence our national policy, as expressed through the State Department, or is going to color the utterances of the press to such a degree as to mislead the French as to the exact nature of their situation, it becomes fair matter for criticism, and it becomes matter for very severe criticism when attempts are made to justify it by misrepresentation of facts or playing on words—when, for instance, the cause of the quarrel is misstated, or the word “republic” jingled in people’s ears by way of distracting their attention from the question of right or wrong, expediency or in expediency.

In the first place, it has to be remembered that the past unscrupulousness of Bismarck has nothing to do with the merits of the present quarrel. His victims in 1866 were Germans, and we submit, with great respect to the consideration of those Americans who are constantly working themselves up into indignation about his conduct in that year, whether, seeing that the Germans have forgiven him for what he did—nay, that the vast majority of Germans consider him a great public benefactor—there is not something ludicrous in the pious wrath of foreigners over his rapacity. He has been simply doing for Germany what Richelieu did for France, and Cavour strove to do for Italy; and when Saxons, Hanoverians, Frankforters, and Bavarians now embrace him and fight enthusiastically under his flag, the tears of their friends in New York and Philadelphia are, as it seems to us, a little out of place. France did not forgive him, but she had the decency not to pretend that it was out of sympathy with Austria or the smaller states that she hated him. No French writer, not even one so candid and moderate as Prévost-Paradol or Mazade, made any secret of the fact that his objection to Bismarck’s policy was that it united Germany, and that Germany united would prove so powerful as to wrest from France the controlling influence in European affairs which she had long enjoyed.

Now, on what did this influence of France rest? On her pre-eminence in art or literature or science? On her political freedom, order, and progress? No; on none of these things; and had it rested on these things, the unification of Germany could not have shaken it. It rested on the ability, real or supposed, of France to bring into the field a stronger and better-led army than any other European power, or, in other words, on her superiority of military (physical) force. Now, no right can rest on simple force. As Rousseau says, “if force makes right, the effect changes with the cause, and any force which can supplant the first one succeeds to its prerogative.” The kind of predominance which France enjoyed—and in which Frenchmen of all parties, if not satisfied with it, have certainly taken pride and delight—was one which any power which could collect a larger and better army than she, was perfectly justified in wrenching from her hands. The consequence, and the unavoidable consequence, of German unity was the creation of such an army; and the war which the Emperor began in July, and which most French politicians thought

he ought to have begun in 1866, had for its object to prevent, no matter at what cost of peace, dignity, or security to Germans, the rise in Germany of a larger army than France had. This is the naked truth of the matter. France has for sixty years sacrificed her peace, her liberty, her literature, and her art to the perfection of her military machine, and has rested satisfied with such influence as it gave her, until even the best Frenchmen had gradually worked themselves into the belief that she had acquired through it a sort of divine right to regulate the affairs of all her neighbors, to decide for Italy whether she ought to be free, and for Germany when she ought to be united, and for Belgium whether she ought to exist, and for the Palatinate who ought to own it. The German revolt against such a claim, resting on such a basis, was certainly a service to civilization; and we hold that if Germany makes peace on any terms which shall not clearly mark its extinction, and shall not prevent its revival, as far as its revival can be prevented by the destruction of all external aids to French self-deception, she will fail in her duty both to herself and to the rest of the world.

It will not do now for France or her friends or well-wishers to try to make the Emperor the scapegoat for the expiation of her sins. She put herself freely into his hands in 1851, after he had committed one of the greatest of crimes, and proved himself one of the basest of men. She bore with him for twenty years, though he gagged and robbed her month by month, simply because he gratified her insane thirst for military glory. She confirmed him last winter in possession of his power by a heavy popular vote. He plunged into the present wicked war in the belief—and, in the opinion of the best judges, in the well-founded belief—that, if he were successful in it, it would enable him to avoid all further concessions to liberalism, and even escape the operation of those he had made. He was followed into it by a roar of popular enthusiasm, and he has been dethroned, not for having made war, but for not having made it successfully. Very few voices were raised in opposition to the war, and those that were raised asked not for the complete abandonment of these guilty designs, but the postponement of their execution to a more convenient season. All acknowledged—yes, all—that some day or other the “greatness of France” would call for the irruption of 400,000 Frenchmen into Germany, the devastation of German soil, the plundering and burning of her cities and villages, and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of her citizens, and the humbling in the dust of her rulers—in other words, for the infliction on her of the very evils under which France, by a stroke of awful retribution, now lies groaning and asking for that pity which one short month ago found no place in any French heart and no expression from any French tongue.

There is room, however, even in pity for justice. If we are going to be moved by the sufferings which this mad conflict has brought on France, let us not forget that 50,000 Germans lie dead on French soil, and perhaps 150,000 are agonizing in hospitals, plunging a million of happy German homes in desolation, and all because the King of Prussia would not order the Prince of Hohenzollern not to change his mind (“*revenir sur sa décision*”) about taking the Spanish crown after he had refused to take it.

The Germans owe it to the better civilization they profess, and we believe truly, to defend and spread, and to the public opinion of all other countries, which has up to the present sympathized with and applauded them, to show moderation in the hour of their triumph. We do not ask them to spare France on the ridiculous plea that the Republic is not responsible for the dying sins of the Empire, or that, the Empire being gone, there is nothing to be feared any more from French ambition or aggressiveness or restlessness—a plea which the whole course of French history belies; but in the interest of future peace, and in the interest of that orderly and intellectual progress of which the world now expects Germany to set the example. All absorption of territory, whose inhabitants are not German in feeling as well as in origin, will not only lay Prussia open to the charge of rapacity in carrying on the war, but furnish France with a far more respectable motive in preparing for a renewal of the struggle at no distant day than the bitterness which mere defeat is sure to leave behind. Even the retention of the two fortresses of Strasbourg and Metz, which is talked of,



ought to be for a term of years only, or for a term to be settled by arbitration, in order to secure for it the character of a measure of precaution simply, and not of a menace or a trophy. To capture Paris, as a mere piece of vengeance for the purpose of humiliating Frenchmen, would be a paltry act, and could add nothing to the fame of the matchless army which is now marching on it. But in the interest of justice and political morality, there should be no tenderness in exacting the cost of the war to the uttermost farthing; and if Bismarck would include in it a reasonable compensation to the families of the killed and to the wounded, he would not only do justice to the sufferers, but would introduce into international usages a precedent which would bring forcibly to the minds of bellicose nations a far more vivid idea than they have now of the nature and consequences of war.

#### NEUTRALS AND CONTRABAND.

It is impossible for anybody who watches the course of the present struggle in Europe to avoid being struck by the increasing difficulty of the position of neutrals in all wars. The close relations, as far as time and space are concerned, into which steam and the telegraph and commerce have now brought all civilized powers, make every armed struggle an object of intense interest to lookers-on, as well as to those actually engaged in it, and this interest, in turn, makes the belligerents increasingly sensitive and exacting. There being plenty of "sympathy" to be had, and the newspapers being very active in the expression of it, each wants as much of it as possible; and if he does not get as much as he thinks he is entitled to, or more than his adversary, he boils over with indignation, and warns defaulters that, as soon as he gets his hands free, he will pay them off. At this moment there exists, in part at least on account of the improper refusal of "sympathy" during hostilities, great exasperation on the part of the United States towards England and France, on the part of Italy towards Prussia, on the part of Russia towards Prussia and (in a greater degree) towards Austria, and on the part of both Prussia and France towards England. The position of England has indeed become almost comic in its embarrassment. The press and the mass of the people sympathize with Prussia, as a Protestant and Teutonic power, and are very demonstrative in expressing their feelings; while only some of the old Conservatives—for reasons a little difficult to fathom—stand by France, or at least did so during the existence of the Empire. Accordingly, the French are furious, and vow vengeance dire whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. On the other hand, the Prussians, far from being satisfied with the enthusiastic articles in the English papers, are full of indignation—first, because England made no attempt to restrain the French before the outbreak of the war; secondly, because the *London Times* has had the impudence to talk of intervention on the part of England, with its army of 40,000 men, at the moment when half-a-million of Prussians are marching on Paris; but, lastly—and this is the most serious cause of offence—because the French draw arms and munitions from England in unlimited quantities, while Prussia, being strictly blockaded, is to a certain extent excluded from the market. The consequence is that the tone of the Prussian press towards England is very virulent, and, it is said—though this is doubtful—that its remonstrances and denunciations have been backed up by a very acrimonious official despatch.

Now, the Prussian complaints of the English sale of supplies to France open up a question of immense importance—namely, what is contraband of war, and whose duty is it to see that neutrals do not supply it to belligerents. We have no hesitation in saying that, should the doctrines which are gaining ground on these points finally prevail, it will be almost as cheap—putting aside the loss of life—for a nation, whenever a quarrel breaks out between two of its neighbors, to take part in the fray and, by giving vigorous aid to one side, help to bring it to a speedy close, as to remain at peace. In the first place, the term contraband is every year receiving a wider and wider application. Its meaning has never been very accurately defined. The only certain rule of international law on the subject is that weapons and munitions of war, and the harness of cavalry and artillery, are contraband; but from time to time, either by the assumption of belligerents, or by

special treaty, it has been made to cover a great variety of articles, even provisions intended for the general use of the population, and not for the garrison or inhabitants of a besieged or blockaded city. The decisions of courts and the dicta of elementary writers on the subject are as vague and unsatisfactory as possible. Wood for shipbuilding has been held to be contraband, and, by parity of reasoning, so now should iron. Coal has become contraband since the introduction of steam; telegraphic apparatus, doubtless, would be held to be contraband; and if food be, under certain circumstances, contraband, why not cloth and leather? Indeed, as the application of scientific processes to the purposes of destruction spreads, we may expect the list of prohibited articles to be indefinitely extended; and it would be extended to such a degree as to interfere seriously with the industry of neutral nations but for one thing—namely, the ancient and invaluable usage which imposes on the belligerents the task of stopping contraband on its way to the enemy.

That usage now appears to be threatened with abrogation. As the excitement caused by war becomes intensified and widely diffused, there is an increasing disposition on the part of belligerents to treat trading with the enemy on the part of the citizens of a neutral state as a hostile act, for which the government of the neutral state may fairly be held responsible, thus throwing on those who have had no hand in getting up the war a duty which formerly had to be, and always ought to be, performed by the belligerent cruisers and custom-house officers. The doctrine of international law with regard to war has always been that it was an exceptional state of things, the loss and inconvenience resulting from which ought not to fall on anybody but the parties to the quarrel; that those who choose to stand aloof from it, and pursue their avocations in peace and quiet, have a perfect right to do so; and that the interests of civilization require that they should be encouraged and protected in doing so; that in order to limit the area of the conflict, however, and make it, as far as possible, a trial of strength between the combatants, and them only—and thus be as speedily as possible brought to a close—they are permitted to search ships trading with the enemy, to see that he is not supplied from the outside with the means of protracting the struggle. But, inasmuch as this concession was in itself a hardship to neutrals, and inasmuch as trading with either belligerent is a perfectly legitimate act *per se*, the trouble and expense of making these searches or otherwise preventing the transmission of contraband has always been imposed, and justly and properly imposed, on the belligerents. If they caught anybody engaged in it, they could punish him by the loss of his property, but they were not to treat him as a criminal or an immoral person or to hold his government responsible for his acts. The running of a blockade, for instance, is not an immoral or hostile act. It is an act which a trader performs at his own risk, but if he succeeds he simply exercises a right anterior to all belligerent rights, that of selling the proceeds of his own industry in the best market he can find. Nevertheless, what with the ambiguous terms in which the citizens of neutral nations are warned by their governments at the outbreak of hostilities not to engage in it, and the excitement of the belligerents, it is getting to be gradually looked on as an act of hostility which the neutral power is bound to prevent or punish. Nothing was commoner, for instance, during the rebellion, than to hear blockade-runners talked of as "pirates"—a term which was fearfully abused, some of our most distinguished publicists using it, even on state occasions, in three or four different senses. Belligerents are now beginning, if they have a fleet and can institute blockades, to look at blockade-running in this way, and insist on neutrals using municipal law to help them in stopping it; on the other hand, if they have no fleet and are themselves blockaded, as in the case of Prussia, they are anxious to impose on neutrals the duty which they themselves are unable to perform, of catching and stopping munitions, arms, and other contraband articles on their way to the enemy's markets, or their delivery to him after purchase.

Now, it is the interest of the human race that the position of a belligerent should be as onerous and unpleasant as possible; that that of neutrals should be as irresponsible and agreeable as possible. The things which make for peace are the things which it should be the

policy of all governments to promote and foster. During the late war the United States were, for the first time in their history, placed in a position which made it their interest to press the rights of belligerents to the uttermost limits, and labor for the restriction of those of neutrals. We believe the rights of belligerents were not pressed, however, against any European power any further than American precedents warranted, but the controversy with England begot temper which has ever since inclined the public to overlook the fact that the real interests of the United States, as well as those of humanity, lie in the limitation of the area reached not only by the actual operations but by the losses and inconveniences of war, or, in other words, in pushing the rights of neutrals to any extent which will not be likely to transfer the havoc of war from property to life. In all legal controversies arising out of the present struggle between Prussia and France, it behooves us to remember not only that "those who make the quarrel should be the only men to fight," but that the men who do not fight are entitled to have their goings and comings and dealings subjected to as little burden or restriction as possible. If any country, for instance, does not choose to keep a navy, or is unable to keep one, we are not to be obliged to make it up to her, whenever she goes to war and gets her ports blockaded, by selling nothing to her adversary which is likely to help to prolong the contest.

#### THE NORTH-EASTERN FISHERIES.

SINCE the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the war of 1812, the assertion by the United States of the right to fish upon the north-east coasts presented the most important and difficult diplomatic question remaining open between this country and Great Britain until the time when the *Alabama* case arose. Although for a while obscured by the magnitude of the more recent discussion, this old dispute has lost nothing of its interest and importance, and still exists unsettled, ready at any moment to be changed into a system of angry retaliation, or even to be developed into war. It is not a mere contest of words, for, as lately stated upon the floor of the House of Representatives, and indeed as has happened in other cases since that statement was made, and as is still happening or likely to happen, several American fishing-vessels have already been seized during the present season by British authorities for an alleged violation of the foreign territories.

The fisheries question is often, and perhaps generally, spoken of as though it embraced but a single point at issue. In fact, however, it includes two very different claims, which rest upon entirely different principles of international law. The first and by far the least important of these claims involves the right of American vessels to fish near the British dominions, within the headlands of wide-mouthed bays, but at points more than three miles distant from the shore, and depends for its solution upon the general doctrines of the law respecting national territory. The second involves the right of American vessels to fish in all bays, creeks, rivers, and inlets, and upon any portions of the north-eastern coasts, without reference to the distance from the shore, and depends for its solution upon a proper construction of various treaties between the United States and Great Britain, and upon the effects which the war of 1812 produced upon the conventions then existing.

The argument by which the first of these assertions of right is supported lies in a nut-shell, and the position of the two powers in reference to it may be stated in a few words. It is established by the consent of all jurists, and by the universal practice of all civilized governments, that territorial sovereignty extends for some distance over the waters of the ocean which wash the coasts of every maritime country; that this sovereignty is limited by a line which marks the ordinary range of cannon planted on the shore; and that this coast-line of defence does not follow the minuter sinuosities of the land at low-water mark, but is measured in a straight direction from those headlands which are near together. Finally, the distance of this exterior boundary from the shore or from the headlands is, for purposes of accuracy, often fixed by treaty at three miles. Such an agreement exists between Great Britain and the United States. All modern writers upon the principles of international law concur in the reasons for this

rule, and by no one are they set forth in a more clear and convincing manner than by Ortolan, in his "*Diplomatie de la Mer*." No nation can establish an exclusive sovereignty over the high seas, because it is impossible to maintain any permanent command over those waters to the exclusion of other claimants. But it is possible to maintain such a permanent command, to the exclusion of other claimants, over a narrow belt of the ocean which washes the shore, and over all parts of gulfs, bays, and inlets whose mouths are sufficiently contracted, because coast batteries may at all times control these portions of the sea as easily and as completely as the land itself. Our Government has of course conceded these fundamental principles. Independent of express concessions, no American vessel may fish within three miles of the Canadian shore, nor within any gulfs and bays whose mouths are less than six miles in width.

But the British Government goes beyond these universal rules of the international law, and asserts its exclusive sovereignty over the entire surface of all gulfs and bays which indent the coast, although the mouths of such gulfs may be broader than the double range of cannon, and although there may be large portions of such bays which cannot be reached by any shot fired from the shore. In other words, she demands that her coast-line of defence shall run three miles at sea from promontory to promontory, without any regard to the distance between these consecutive headlands or the convexity of the intervening shore, and prohibits all foreign fishing within the space thus enclosed. In opposing this peculiar and extensive claim, we are supported by all the modern Continental jurists, who are unanimous in rejecting the assumption of Great Britain, and in pronouncing those waters of broad-mouthed gulfs and bays which are more than three miles distant from any part of the land to be free to all the world for the purposes of fishing. We are supported also by the reason of the thing; for, as actual military power is the test of territorial jurisdiction, it makes no difference whether a particular portion of the ocean is one mile or a hundred miles beyond the reach of warlike weapons; it is, in either case, equally open to all mankind. "*Terra potestas finitur ubi finitur armorum vis*." The United States has, therefore, constantly insisted upon the right of her citizens to fish in all the gulfs and bays upon the Canadian coasts whose mouths are more than six miles wide, provided the vessels do not trespass upon the space within three miles of the concave shore.

This minor right, however, is swallowed up in the second and broader claim that, by force of existing treaty stipulations obligatory upon Great Britain, American citizens may take fish on any part of the north-eastern waters, in all bays, inlets, and creeks, and at any distance from the shore. As a preliminary to a discussion of this phase of the fisheries question, it is necessary to examine the doctrines of the international law as to the effect of war upon prior treaties between the two belligerents. A war can only produce one of three results upon these compacts. It may leave them in full force, not in the least diminishing their obligatory character; or it may entirely destroy them, so that, upon a return of peace, they can only be revived by a new agreement between the parties; or it may simply suspend their operation during the hostilities. These are the only alternatives possible; but how far they respectively apply, and what practical result they work upon treaties, have been by no means clearly established, either by the theoretical statements of elementary writers, or by the parliamentary discussions of statesmen, or by the practice of cabinets. Certain classes of treaties are universally regarded as destroyed by a war, among which are ordinary commercial conventions, and the opinions of English writers and the demands of the English Government would lead to this result as the general rule. But it is as universally conceded that stipulations of another character—those which acknowledge independence, determine boundaries, or cede territory—are not affected by subsequent hostilities between the contracting parties, unless, indeed, one nationality is entirely overthrown by the other. Are there any other international compacts analogous to cessions and demarcations of boundary, and which like them are unaffected by war? Martens describes a class which he calls transitory, including treaties of cession and of boundary, and those which establish a servitude according to the public law, and declares that all these are perpetual by the very



nature of the thing. Wheaton incorporates these propositions of Martens with his text. The principle thus stated seems to be clear and natural, but there is no general agreement among writers or statesmen as to what national rights are included among the servitudes which are protected against the effects of war. The Supreme Court of the United States, in an important case growing out of the treaty with Great Britain of 1794, laid down a fundamental rule substantially the same as that announced by Martens. Mr. Phillimore, in his great work, discusses this subject at large. He advocates the doctrine that treaties are in general destroyed by a war, but admits a few exceptions, and among them those parts of treaties which contain a final adjustment of a particular question, such as the fixing a disputed boundary or the ascertaining any contested right of property. This class of permanent stipulations corresponds to a certain extent with Martens's transitory treaties. The final adjustment of the one is identical with the cessions, exchanges, and determinations of boundary of the other. Both would also include acknowledgments of independence. But Martens's creations of public servitudes find no place in Mr. Phillimore's exception, unless that servitude were in its nature the final adjustment of a disputed right.

The United States has planted itself upon the principle set forth by the great German jurist, and has insisted, and doubtless still insists, that a public and permanent servitude over the British waters has been created in her favor, which her own consent alone can relinquish. By the third article of the treaty of peace of 1783, between Great Britain and the United States, it was agreed that the people of the latter shall continue to enjoy unmolested the rights of fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other British dominions in America. No change was made until the war of 1812. During the negotiations preliminary to the treaty of Ghent, the British ministers informed the commissioners of the United States that their Government did not intend to grant to the United States gratuitously the former privileges of fishing. Our agents replied that they were not authorized to treat on that subject, but that our Government claimed that no further stipulations were necessary, and that the rights created by the treaty of 1783 were still subsisting. The treaty of peace concluded in 1814 at Ghent was therefore silent on the subject of the fisheries. The English Government thereupon expressed their intention to exclude American fishermen from those portions of the sea within three miles of the coast, and from all gulfs, bays, and inlets. In the diplomatic correspondence which ensued, the British Cabinet asserted that the right to fish conferred by the treaty of 1783 was in all respects similar to the ordinary provisions of a commercial convention, to the privileges of importing goods free from duty, or of admitting ships free from imposts; that it was a concession conferred from motives of expediency, and was abrogated by the subsequent war. The United States Minister claimed that the permission given to the American people to fish in the places designated was analogous to a cession of territory, to the fixing of a boundary, or the acknowledgment of independence. He urged in substance, although not in language, that the treaty of 1783 created a public servitude of fishing in the British waters identical with the private servitude of way over another's farm or of aqueduct over another's land, well known to the municipal law; that this convention granted to the people of the United States a permanent right of property—not indeed the *dominium*, but the *jus in re aliena* of the Roman law—a property which was no more destroyed by the war than was the ownership of the national territory. This controversy was brought to a close by the treaty of 1818, which was concluded upon the basis of a compromise. American citizens were permitted to fish anywhere on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; but the United States, on its part, renounced for ever any liberty theretofore enjoyed or claimed to take fish within three miles of the coasts, or in the bays, creeks, or harbors of other British possessions in America. This agreement continued in force until the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, in which it was stipulated that Americans may fish on the coasts and shores, and in the bays and harbors of Canada and other British dominions, without regard to the distance from the shore. While the latter compact remained in existence, our citizens enjoyed the same privileges which they held

under the first convention of 1783. But the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was annulled by the President in 1865, and the matter of the fisheries is in greater confusion than ever.

The amicable settlement of the difficulty requires the separate answer to the following questions: As the rights to fish in the territorial waters of the north-eastern coast belonged to the American people previous to the treaty of 1783, because enjoyed by them as British colonists, and as that treaty in terms acknowledged these rights as then subsisting, did the third article thereof in fact create and confer a public servitude—a species of national property as permanent as territorial sovereignty? Or, on the other hand, did this article create and confer mere privileges which were annulled by the war of 1812? If the latter or British view be correct, we possessed no rights at all after the peace of Ghent until we obtained those that were conceded in 1818. The question will then arise, Did the termination of the Reciprocity convention of 1854 revive the treaty of 1818? If this effect was produced, the treaty of 1818 and the restricted rights under it are now subsisting; if not, there is absolutely no treaty on the subject, and the people of the United States have no rights of fishing in the territorial waters upon the north-eastern coast. As a consequence, for Great Britain to exclude us entirely from her dominions, she must maintain two independent propositions; that the grants contained in the third article of the treaty of 1783 were destroyed by the war of 1812; and that the subsequent concessions of 1818, which were enlarged in 1854, were not restored by the termination of the latter convention.

If the doctrine held by the United States in reference to the treaty of 1783 be correct, we were from that time the absolute proprietors of a right to fish in the territorial waters upon the Canadian coast—a right which was a species of property, and which we could only lose involuntarily by actual conquest. But we might restrict ourselves in its use by agreement. In this view, the treaty of 1818 was a concession on our part rather than on the part of Great Britain. Should the United States succeed in establishing its construction of the fundamental compact of 1783, it will be for the interest of Great Britain to maintain the proposition that the abrogation of the treaty of 1854 revived that of 1818, and for our interest to maintain the contrary; for if the latter convention be still in force, we have restrained ourselves thereby from falling back upon the more extensive rights granted in 1783.

It is plain from this sketch that the fisheries question is one involved in great difficulties, and that an amicable settlement of the controversy will demand the most complete knowledge of international law, and will require the employment of the amplest resources of diplomatic skill and experience.

## NOTES ON THE WAR.

### I.

THE words of General Von Moltke on the Prusso-Austrian war which terminated in the campaign of 1866, that it was a "historical necessity," may be with equal fitness applied to the Franco-Prussian struggle now raging so fiercely. The former was but the culmination of the long and bitter rivalry which had descended as an heirloom to the two great powers of Germany from the strife between Frederic the Great and Maria Theresa, in which the latter was stripped of Silesia, thus bringing Prussia on one of the flanks of Bohemia, and giving her an advantage in a military initiative of which she profited in the movements that immediately preceded the recent battle of Sadowa, or Königgrätz, where the leadership of Germany passed, probably for all future time, out of the hands of the house of Hapsburg.

Had it not been for the decisiveness of this crowning victory, which threw Prussia, and particularly her military prowess, into such prominence, the struggle upon which the eyes of the world are now so intent might have been put off to some still distant day, so far as the parties to it are alone concerned. For the aspirations alone of France for the Rhine as her frontier, of which the dark speeches of Napoleon III.—thrown forth as the distant mutterings of the spirit of discord—were but the manifestations, would, in the present day at least, had any action been taken to realize them, have evoked another gigantic coalition of Europe, so fatal to the Bonapartes. But each party felt that the hour had come, and that no time was to be lost in carrying into effect their respective schemes. As Italy had been made a cat's paw of by Prussia in the Prusso-Austrian war,

so Spain might, in her turn, serve the same end in a struggle between France and Prussia. At least such, without any violent interpretation of this movement to place a German prince on the throne of Spain, might have seemed to France the object of it; and she was placed by it on either horn of the dilemma—to let a member of the house of Hohenzollern quietly seat himself upon the throne of Spain, and, after quelling the anarchy and improving the resources of that ill-conditioned kingdom, stand a permanent menace to France; or else, by making this a cause of war, to enlist the sympathies of the civilized world against her, for endeavoring to prevent another independent nation from doing what she had just professed to have done—electing her own ruler by a popular vote. Here was again a “historical necessity,” and the antecedents of the parties had left, besides, abundant causes of heartburnings and hatreds. Prussia had still her memories of her humiliations by the First Napoleon, from the crushing blow he dealt her in 1806, and the mortifications to which he had subsequently subjected her up to the patriotic uprising of the Prussian people consequent upon his disasters in 1812 and 1813; and France had been long chewing the sweet cud of anticipated vengeance against Prussia for the prominent part which her armies, under the leadership of the grim, relentless Blücher, the “Marshal Vorwärts,” as his soldiers styled him, had played in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, piling disaster upon disaster upon her, until that final stroke at Waterloo which shivered the First Empire, and, in the second occupation of Paris, wrenched from the hands of France those conquests which were at once the tokens and pride of her widespread triumphs.

The battle of Sadowa, the cause of the early *dénouement* of this “historical necessity,” did more than seat Prussia in the leadership of Germany. It threw into activity at once the jealousy and the fears of France. Here was an astounding event, the causes of which it behooved her to examine into. Such large, well-appointed, and thoroughly-drilled armies as had shown themselves in Bohemia, sweeping before them the Austrian hosts to the very gates of their capital, however much French confidence might have felt itself unshaken from the reassuring fact that the Austrian army had but recently met with a similar fate at French hands at Solferino, was something to be looked into; and the examination, if one may credit General Trochu and other reliable French military authorities, was anything but reassuring to the Emperor.

Prussia has been nothing if not a pre-eminently military nation from the time of Frederic the Great to the present day. In the earlier period of this epoch, her military constitutions were more or less examples which other nations tried to work up to. In France, the system of Frederic had many admirers, who were desirous of introducing it into the French armies, the most noted of whom were Mirabeau and Guibert, who both wrote and spoke a great deal on the subject. But whilst these discussions, with some changes, were going on, came the tornado that swept all else from the thoughts of men, the French Revolution; and whatever of military prestige Prussia had acquired was for a time obscured by the successes of the French Republican armies, in stemming and then driving back the flood of invasion from Germany.

This military lesson, and the disastrous campaigns of 1806 and 1807, which left to Prussia but the semblance of an independent government, so completely was she subjected to the interference of the Imperial satraps, forced her to scrutinize closely the defects of her military system. Under Frederic the Great, and under his immediate successor, Frederic William II., the Prussian army was separate from the body of the people. In fact, it was composed in a great degree of foreigners, many of them deserters from other services, and mostly of the most depraved classes of society. So low had the military profession fallen in public estimation that, during the peaceful closing years of the reign of Frederic the Great, recruits for the army could not be obtained, not only from the more easy classes, but from those of the shop-keeping and the class of mechanics. The men recruited under such a state of things had to be guarded like imprisoned criminals, and a system of mutual espionage kept up over them to prevent them from deserting. This in its turn called for the most rigid means of discipline, mostly of a brutalizing character, which necessarily gave rise to desertions on a large scale, to attempts on the lives of the officers by the privates, and to frequent suicides among these miserable wretches, to whom life had been made a burthen too intolerable to be borne. Such was, in brief, the army, amounting to 200,000 men, that Frederic the Great left to his nephew and successor. Under this last sovereign, the number of foreigners in service was reduced to one-half of the effective strength of the army, which, at his death, amounted to about 240,000 men, whilst the population of the kingdom was only about eight millions and

a half. Besides this reduction in the number of foreigners, important changes were made in the tactics of the troops, arising from their contests with the French Republicans; and the formal, rigid system of manœuvres, which had played so conspicuous a part in the triumphs of Frederic the Great, gave place to an imitation of the French tactics of the moment.

Although very important ameliorations were made in the military organization by Frederic William III., who succeeded his father in 1797, the inherent vices of the system that had come down to him, and the consequences of the corrupt court and system of administration of the preceding reign, had laid the foundations of the disasters by which Prussia was overwhelmed by Napoleon I., and from which she only began to emerge in 1813, when, at the urgent demands of his able minister, Scharnhorst, the nation, which had voluntarily risen, was called to arms to enter upon what was not inaptly called the War of Independence; for, from 1808 until this period, although great changes and ameliorations had taken place in the administration of the kingdom generally, they were made by the sufferance of Napoleon I., who allowed Prussia to keep up an army of but about 40,000 men, and these to serve as a French contingent, whenever called upon to do so. By a law of March 17, 1813, the now celebrated landwehr system, by which the whole arms-bearing youth of the nation was placed at the disposal of the Government, was called into existence.

The uncompromising war made by the allies against Napoleon I., from his disastrous campaign against Russia to the closing decisive victory at Waterloo, gave Prussia the chance she was longing for and was prompt to improve. Since this epoch, having reassumed her rank among the great powers of Europe, Prussia has devoted no small portion of her attention and means to strengthening and improving all her military forces. These gradual changes and improvements may be briefly summed up as follows: By laws and decrees of 1814 and 1815, every Prussian subject was called upon to bear arms for the defence of the state; and, with certain exemptions, each one was obliged to serve in the active army from 20 to 23 years of age, from 23 to 25 in the reserve, from 25 to 32 in the first ban of the landwehr, from 32 to 39 in the second ban; and, besides this, there was the service in the landsturm, which comprised all who were competent for military duty, from the ages of 17 to 49, who formed no part either of the army or of the landwehr.

The permanent army in time of peace was by these laws raised to about 140,000 men, admitting of an increase to 190,000, by adding to them the men of the active reserve force; and the chasseurs, artilleryists, and pioneers of the landwehr being a part of the army in time of war, its complete effective force became about 200,000 men.

The first ban of the landwehr, which comprised only infantry and cavalry, when mobilized, could furnish 150,000 men. The active army for the field comprised the permanent army and the first ban of the landwehr, and, after detaching some 30,000 men for the defence of the fortresses, could bring into the field 340,000. Besides this, the Government could provide, from recruits, about 50,000 men as an active reserve.

The second ban of the landwehr, which did not exist in time of peace, when called out could furnish 110,000 infantry and cavalry. Its chief duties were, with the 30,000 men detached from the permanent army and the first ban, the defence of the fortresses. In cases of necessity the Government could also mobilize the landsturm.

Thus the effective military forces of Prussia comprised, first, the army in the field; second, the troops of the reserve, composed in the same manner of the troops of the army and of the first ban of the landwehr, in equal parts; third, the troops of the second ban of the landwehr for garrison duty, and, in certain eventualities, of the troops of the landsturm, amounting in all to about 530,000 men.

This military organization, for which it is claimed that it called for but slight sacrifices in money or in the time of the citizen during peace, and presented a formidable defence in time of danger, was maintained during the reigns of Frederic William III. and Frederic William IV. The campaigns of 1848-49, and the mobilizations called for in 1850 and 1859, however, revealed some important defects in this system. Too much stress, it was seen, had been laid upon the patriotic promptings of the people in times of ordinary danger; when, in fact, the grand element can only be counted upon to break forth, with overwhelming enthusiasm, in those rare and fortunately few cases where the national heart is stirred to action by some great cause of indignation. For this and other results of experience, the present King William I., in 1859-60, decided upon a reorganization of the three principal constituents of the military force.

In the first place, the first ban of the landwehr was no longer to form a part of the army in the field; but, to compensate for this deduction,



its effective strength and that of its reserves were augmented; these last were not only to complete the army in the field, but to repair its losses, and to co-operate in the defence of the fortresses; the duration of service in it was on this account increased to four years. The landwehr was still composed of two bans: the first, of citizens from the ages of 26 to 36, but forming no part of the army in the field—its object being the defence of the fortresses, in conjunction with a part of the reserve; and in case of necessity, the second ban of the landwehr can be called out for the performance of the same duties. The result of these changes is that the effective strength of the army for the field has remained the same, that of the reserves is nearly doubled, and that the troops for garrison duty have been considerably augmented, and can, as formerly, be doubled by the mobilization of the second ban of the landwehr.

Besides these organic changes in her own military system, Prussia has kept an attentive outlook upon the phases that the art of war was going through in Europe and elsewhere. Her admirable military administration has let no occasion pass to improve the tactics of the army and its armament. Every improvement in cannon and small-arms has been carefully scrutinized and adopted at the first favorable moment. Looking forward to her increasing commerce, great attention has also been paid to her navy, and to covering her sea-coast from invasion. Such, in brief, was the military position of Prussia previous to the Prusso-Austrian war, from which resulted her triumphs on that occasion; and such was the position in which she was found at the outset of the present struggle, but with increased strength through her new alliances, and with the added experience brought from recent military operations on a gigantic scale.

Laying aside the causes of demoralization which have affected her administration throughout every branch of her service, France was in an unprepared condition for the great struggle that was upon her, through causes of a purely military character. Ever over-confident in her own prowess, and looking with a scarcely disguised feeling of contempt on the military status of all other nations, her traditions of the triumphs of the First Empire, the practical training given to her troops in Africa, the Crimean campaign, in spite of the great losses incurred in it, and the short Italian one closing with the battle of Solferino, and, as a result, expelling the Austrians from Italy, seemed, in her own eyes, and very much so in those of others, to have clothed her with the attribute of irresistibility. She assumed that she had nothing to learn from others on the art of war, and she took but little pains to see if there was anything to be learned. She had seen the armies of Austria fall before her, on the fields of Magenta and Solferino, and she took, therefore, little heed to enquire whether the narrow field of action, and the almost individual combats in Africa, were the best school for training able strategists. She had seen the Russian hosts fly before her African troops, the Mexican making but a feeble resistance to them, and these were sufficient grounds for inferring that nothing could stand before her Turcos and her Zouaves. Such, at least, was the public opinion, and such, unfortunately perhaps, that of the army itself.

It is true that General Trochu, and other able and thoughtful men of the French army, looked at this state of things from a different point of view, and by their pens endeavored to attract attention to the dangers that were before the country; but their words of warning fell upon unwilling ears, or, if heeded at all, action upon them came too late. The thunders from the battle-field of Sadowa were the first to rouse the minds, at least of some of the leading military men in France, to the imminence of this danger, and to impel them to look into their own military institutions and compare their prospective efficiency with that of the nation which through hers had just achieved such decisive results. In January, 1868, Marshal Niel, who distinguished himself in the Italian campaign, and whose guiding counsels led to the capture of Sevastopol, was called to take charge of the War Office. An indefatigable worker, a scientific soldier in every respect, and thoroughly conversant with the military resources of the Empire, no better man probably could have been found for this post. Through his efforts mainly a law was passed in February, 1868, reorganizing the military system, and taking as a basis the then organization of that of Prussia.

Without entering into details, which would probably interest only a military reader, the provisions of the law in question may be briefly stated as follows: The standing army was to consist of 750,000 men, and the Garde Mobile of 600,000 men. The regular army comprises what is known as the active army and the reserve. The men, whose period of service had been changed by this law from 7 to 9 years, are required to serve 5 years in the first and 4 years in the latter body. The reserve can only be called out in time of war, and by an imperial decree. The Garde Mobile

is composed of the same classes, as to age, as those who form the active army and the reserve; the term of service in it is five years. Very rare exemptions are granted from this service. The officers of this force are appointed by the Emperor. Its duties are to garrison the fortresses of the interior and sea-coast, and to preserve order within the Empire in wartime. It can only be called out by a special law. With these fundamental modifications of its military organization, the claim is made for France that, without demanding as great sacrifices from the private citizen as that of Prussia, and less rigid in its requirements, it still approaches the latter in its best points, giving, like it, an efficient military training and organization to the whole of the arms-bearing population, and, in case of need, being able to avail of their services in time of war; whilst it avoids assembling under the colors or calling out the married men in time of peace.

Such, in brief, are the antecedents and the present conditions of the military systems of the two great powers now face to face. The one has been long tried, and has become a part of the national being. The other is upon trial, and, like all new machinery, has hardly had time for all its parts to work smoothly and without friction. That this and the other military defects alluded to in the French system have had a preponderating influence in favor of Prussia in the contest now going on, there can be no question. Speculation as to the final result would be here out of place.

D. H. M.

WEST POINT, August 9, 1870.

### THE PRUSSIAN LOSSES—FIELD MAIL SERVICE.

BERLIN, August 30, 1870.

You remember old Frederick William I., the father of Frederic the Great, that economical King of Prussia, who even to preserve his coat took it off when he worked, who smoked tobacco and drank beer in the evening, and, in spite of his royalty, declared Holland the greatest country in the world on account of the industry, cleanliness, and thrift of her inhabitants. This same King, who has been so admirably sketched by Carlyle, one fine morning walked through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, which he was just then laying out. The first man he met was a little Jew, who timidly tried to steal away. Old Frederick William stopped him, and grimly asked him, "Why do you run away?" "Because I am afraid of your Majesty," replied the terror-stricken Jew. "Infernal scoundrel that you are," cried the King, "I want you to love me, but not to fear me!" and, to inculcate love in the poor fellow, *manu propria* inflicted a sound thrashing on him.

What Frederick William did by royal prerogative, the German people now performs at the invitation of the French. They are whipped first, will respect us next, and, I trust, will finally live on good terms with us, as sensible neighbors ought to do. Prussia, which is the undisputed leader of Germany in this national struggle, has never learned the art of making herself beloved; on the contrary, in a quite unusual degree she possesses the art of making herself hated without any reason. She is rough, often even coarse, and generally shabby; but solid, healthy, energetic, and full of vitality. From the beginning of her history she had every hour to be prepared for battle, to fight her way, and to gain ground inch by inch and foot by foot. She had always first to beat those by whom she wanted to be respected and loved, and, by a good administration, cheap justice, careful education, and manly deeds, she has finally succeeded in winning the affections of even those who by wars or intrigues became a part of her. There is now, for instance, no more Prussian province in sentiment and feeling than Silesia. The Southern German States have just been going through the same process, and the French, I hope, will follow suit. As we Germans do not claim anything from them which does not belong to us by right, and as we whip them at their own request, they will in time learn to respect if not to love us.

It is, however, a hard and a cruel thing for a nation to be compelled to beat and kick, to wound and kill, for the sole purpose of maintaining its independence. We have a better work in store for the next century, there are nobler aims for our ambition, there are more glorious laurels to be reaped in civil life than on the battle-field. The war business is too bloody, too full of misery and heart-rending even for the victors, not to enjoy a speedy termination. There is hardly a family all over Germany which has not to mourn the loss of one of its members, so fearfully have destruction and death raged in our ranks. The reason for these enormous losses is as obvious as the result. For the first time in military history we see two warlike nations in a desperate struggle with arms which science and technical improvements have brought to a wonderful perfection. Our

most competent judges say that the chassepot is decidedly superior to our needle gun, and that the former in the hands of our soldiers would already have ended the war. The French are too inexperienced and too quick in the handling of this tremendous weapon. As when used it "kicks" badly and hurts, they fire too high or at random. The mitrailleuse is not as dangerous as it has been represented by the French, but its value has been underrated by us, for its wounds are fearful, and the appearance of the soldiers killed by the mitrailleuse is ghastly. Its efficiency is in some way limited, as its bullets do not spread. For this reason it was rejected by our military men when offered to them some years ago. Some of our men had five or six bullets in their breast, running parallel with each other. If our soldiers are inferior in point of arms, they are superior in cool bravery and exact aiming. In the battles round Metz we have lost as many men, if not more, as in the two battles of Leipzig and Waterloo together. We must lose more, as we have always to attack in the open field, while the enemy generally only defends his fortified positions. In the whole Bohemian campaign of 1866 we lost 13,000 men—about 6,000 by cholera and 7,000 killed and wounded. In this campaign, the battle of Vionville, on August 16, alone cost us more than 15,000 men. Some battalions were almost annihilated, two and even three cavalry regiments were reduced to one, and the death of one-third of the officers seemed the general rule. In order to detain and to retain the enemy on his retreat from Metz, the cavalry of the Guards had for hours to bear the brunt of the battle. As sure death was before them, and as they had to spare their numbers, the single companies drew lots which should first attack the enemy. Not the six hundred—"into the valley of death rode" the six thousand. Light and heavy brigades were reduced to one-fourth of their original number. Not less bravely fought the infantry of the Guards at St. Privat, which was the key to the enemy's position on the 18th of August. The riders (Schützen) lost all their officers, the majority of them killed, and the remaining four hundred men, of originally one thousand, were led back by an ensign. Among the killed at the same place was Prince Felix Salm Salm, Major of the Fourth Grenadier Regiment of the Guards, the same officer who served during the last war in the United States, and whom President Lincoln encouraged with the words that his quality as prince would not prevent his promotion if he behaved well. He afterwards did well under and towards poor Maximilian. At St. Privat he fought and fell like a hero. Salm's wife, well known to the former Army of the Potomac, is one of the most efficient nurses in the field, and nobly works in the hospitals. Of Berlin boys, the son of Secretary Count Itzenputz was killed, while Bismarck's son was severely wounded near Metz, both serving as privates in a cavalry regiment. Sons of men of science, like young Langenbeck and young Grimm, were also killed in that battle. The officers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry announce the death of fourteen of their comrades killed in the battle of the 16th, where the Seventy-second likewise lost thirteen of their officers. In short, every day, every newspaper brings us the sad news of a fearful havoc among our troops. The loss of rank and file is always in proportion to the above numbers, and, still worse, we lose in our privates the flower of the nation, while on the French side the educated classes do not serve in the army. Our young men are not the proper opponents to Zouaves and Turcos.

It is a blessing for humanity that seven-eighths of these Africans have been extirpated. The favor which other French prisoners regularly ask from our keepers, is to be kept separate from the Zouaves and Turcos. In the beginning, the latter were received in the private hospitals, but they have committed such outrages that they now are sent to the royal hospitals. They attacked the stewards in a most cowardly manner, and grossly insulted the nurses who tended them. Here in Berlin, and in a neighboring town, two sick Turcos tried to violate two Sisters of Mercy. For these reasons they must now be watched like wild beasts by armed sentries.

The French officers taken prisoners generally behave well. During daylight they are allowed to go free. When they first arrived they put on airs, but since they have been threatened that they would be confined to their rooms, they strictly obey every order. Our soldiers even have to salute them first when they meet them in the streets. It strikes our officers that the superiors of these French prisoners care so little for their subordinates that they rarely ask for the condition of the wounded, do not assist or advise their men, or show them any sympathy. As a significant illustration, I record the fact that, out of one hundred and thirty French officers—I say officers—who are confined at Königsberg, seventeen cannot write their names. Their special business of marching at

the head of civilization has evidently prevented these seventeen officers from learning to write. I copy this fact from an official statement. As another illustration of the standard of the school education of the two armies, I will mention the extent of the correspondence of some of our troops in the field. According to a publication made by the General Post-Office Department, there are in Berlin alone forty-five clerks working exclusively for the field service. They receive from and send to the army 200,000 letters per day, and daily forward, besides, 40,000 thalers, consisting in great part of money letters of one or two thalers each. The mail matter for our soldiers is daily sent from Berlin in two lots, containing 238 mail-bags altogether. Since the mobilization of the army, ten million corresponding cards have been distributed. These cards are about six inches by four, of stiff, good paper, and have the blank of the address printed in front, while on the back there is room for a short letter, which may be written in pencil or ink. They do not require an envelope, and are especially adapted for short communications. On the whole, the field post service is admirably organized and conducted. It is performed by the active field post-offices. Every one of the thirteen corps has a general field post-office and four field-post expeditions, viz., one for the general and staff command of the corps, two for the infantry divisions, and one for the reserve. Besides, there are special offices for the headquarters of the King and for the chief commands of the three great armies, for the six cavalry divisions, and for the four landwehr divisions. All the field post-offices, amounting to seventy-one, and the whole *personnel* of about 1,000 men, besides many hundred wagons and horses, march along with their respective divisions, conducting their post department. They receive the letters from home for the soldiers, assort and prepare the field post correspondence for distribution, which must take place in regular order, beginning with the battalion and so on downward. They likewise receive and regularly collect the letters which the soldiers write home, and assort them for the different routes they have to take. To keep up the communication between the troops in the enemy's land and home, there are field post-offices along the military roads. Each of the three armies has one field post-master for the military roads and two inspectors; they are under the chief command of the military roads, which has to secure the connection of an operating army with its base of operations and with the territory to which the latter belongs. The chief command of the military roads is charged with providing the means and expenses of the transport of the mails. While no letter has been lost which was written home by the soldiers in the field, it has happened here and there that, on account of the inaccuracy of the address, a letter written to the soldier has been lost or miscarried. As a rule, it can be said that every letter which, besides the name of the soldier, had the number of his regiment, has been delivered. Owing to the bad state of the partly destroyed roads, a letter from Berlin to Nancy requires four days.

For those of your readers who, during your war, were members of Union Leagues or Defence Committees, it may be interesting to learn what victuals and drinks were collected here by private contributions and distributed among our soldiers by ladies and gentlemen, acting as volunteers. From July 23 to August 12, or within 20 days, 151,000 men left or passed through Berlin. They received from the committee formed for the purpose of refreshing them 5,100 bottles of wine, 110,000 large glasses (Seidels) of beer, 2,300 bottles of selters water and three casks per day, 4 casks of brandy, 430 bottles of lemonade, 64 bottles of Jamaica rum, 250 pounds of coffee and 150 pounds of sugar, 75,620 sandwiches, 950 large breads for sandwiches, 650 pounds of butter, 50 pounds of lard, 228,600 cigars, 20,500 packages of tobacco, 2,700 pounds of sausages, 550 pounds of ham, and 150 pounds of cheese. For the benefit of those who object to the free use of alcoholic drinks, I will add that our Government considers brandy an excellent drink for the army in the field, and that it even compels every soldier to fill his flask before he leaves camp. The flasks of the privates are not small, and hold a little more than the contents of a claret bottle. As far as I have learned, brandy has not yet done any harm among our men, and probably never will.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

## NEWPORT.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1870.

THE season at Newport has an obstinate life. September has fairly begun, but as yet there is small visible diminution in the steady stream—the splendid, stupid stream—of carriages which rolls in the afternoon along the Avenue. There is, I think, a far more intimate fondness between Newport and its frequenters than that which in most American watering-places



consecrates the somewhat mechanical relation between the visitors and the visited. This relation here is for the most part slightly sentimental. I am very far from professing a cynical contempt for the gaieties and vanities of Newport life: they are, as a spectacle, extremely amusing; they are full of a certain warmth of social color which charms alike the eye and the fancy; they are worth observing, if only to conclude against them; they possess at least the dignity of all extreme and emphatic expressions of a social tendency; but they are not so far from "*was uns alle bündigt, das Gemeine*" that I do not seem to overhear at times the still, small voice of this tender sense of the sweet, superior beauty of the local influences that surround them, pleading gently in their favor to the fastidious critic. I feel almost warranted in saying that here this exquisite natural background has sunk less in relative value and suffered less from the encroachments of pleasure-seeking man than the scenic properties of any other great watering-place. For this, perhaps, we may thank rather the modest, incorruptible integrity of the Newport landscape than any very intelligent forbearance on the part of the summer colony. The beauty of this landscape is so subtle, so essential, so humble, so much a thing of character and impression, so little a thing of feature and pretension, that it cunningly eludes the grasp of the destroyer or the reformer, and triumphs in impalpable purity even when it seems to condescend. I have sometimes wondered in sternly rational moods why it is that Newport is so loved of the votaries of idleness and pleasure. Its resources are few in number. It is emphatically circumscribed. It has few drives, few walks, little variety of scenery. Its charms and its interest are confined to a narrow circle. It has of course the unlimited ocean, but seafaring idlers are of necessity the fortunate few. Last evening, it seemed to me, as I drove along the Avenue, that my wonderment was quenched for ever. The atmospheric tone, the exquisite, rich simplicity of the landscape, gave mild, enchanting sense of positive climate—these are the real charm of Newport, and the secret of her supremacy. You are melted by the admirable art of the landscape, by seeing so much that is lovely and impressive achieved with such a masterly frugality of means—with so little parade of the vast, the various, or the rare, with so narrow a range of color and form. I could not help thinking, as I turned from the great harmony of elegance and the unfathomable mystery of purity which lay deepening on the breast of nature with the various shades of twilight, to the motley discord and lavish wholesale splendor of the flowing stream of gentility on the Avenue, that, quite in their own line of effect, these money-made social heroes and heroines might learn a few good lessons from the daily prospect of the great western expanse of rock and ocean in its relations with the declining sun. But this is a rather fantastic demand. Many persons of course come to Newport simply because others come, and in this way the present brilliant colony has grown up. Let me not be suspected, when I speak of Newport, of the untasteful heresy of meaning primarily rocks and waves rather than ladies and gentlemen.

The ladies and gentlemen are in great force—the ladies, of course, especially. It is true everywhere, I suppose, that women are the central animating element of "society;" but you feel this to be especially true as you pass along the Newport Avenue. I doubt whether anywhere else women enjoy so largely what is called a "good time" with so small a sacrifice, that is, of the luxury of self-respect. I heard a lady yesterday tell another, with a quiet ecstasy of tone, that she had been having a "most perfect time." This is the very poetry of pleasure. In England, if our impression is correct, women hold the second fiddle in the great social harmony. You will never, at the sight of a carriage-load of mild-browed English maidens, with a presiding matron, plump and passive, in the midst of them, suspect their countrywomen of enjoying in the conventional world anything more than a fictitious and deputed dignity. They neither speak nor act from themselves, but from their husbands and brothers and lovers. On the Continent, women are proclaimed supreme; but we fancy them, with more or less justice, as maintaining their empire by various clandestine and reprehensible arts. With us—we may say it without bravado—they are both free and unsophisticated. You feel it most gratefully as you receive a confident bow from a pretty young girl in her basket-phaeton. She is very young and very pretty, but she has a certain delicate breadth of movement which seems to you a pure gain, without imaginable taint of loss. She combines, you reflect with respectful tenderness, the utmost of modesty with the least possible shyness. Shyness is certainly very pretty—when it is not very ugly; but shyness may often darken the bloom of genuine modesty, and a certain feminine frankness and confidence may often incline it toward the light. Let us assume, then, that all the young ladies whom you may meet here are the correctest

of all possible young ladies. In the course of time, they ripen into the delightful women who divide your admiration. It is easy to see that Newport must be a most agreeable sojourn for the male sex. The gentlemen, indeed, look wonderfully prosperous and well-conditioned. They gallop on shining horses or recline in a sort of coaxing Herculean submission beside the lovely mistress of a phaeton. Young men—and young old men—I have occasion to observe, are far more numerous than at Saratoga, and of vastly superior quality. There is, indeed, in all things a striking difference in tone and aspect between these two great cities of pleasure. After Saratoga, Newport seems really substantial and civilized. Esthetically speaking, you may remain at Newport with a fairly good conscience; at Saratoga, you linger on under passionate protest. At Newport, life is public, if you will; at Saratoga, it is absolutely common. The difference, in a word, is the difference between a group of three or four hotels and a series of cottages and villas. Saratoga perhaps deserves our greater homage, as being characteristically democratic and American; let us, then, make Saratoga the heaven of our aspiration, but let us yet awhile content ourselves with Newport as the lordly earth of our residence.

The villas and cottages, the beautiful idle women, the beautiful idle men, the brilliant pleasure-fraught days and evenings, impart, perhaps, to Newport life a faintly European expression, in so far as they suggest the somewhat alien presence of leisure—"fine old Leisure," as George Eliot calls it. Nothing, it seems to me, however, can take place in America without straightway seeming very American; and, after a week at Newport, you begin to fancy that, to live for amusement simply, beyond the noise of commerce or of care, is a distinctively national trait. Nowhere else in this country—nowhere, of course, within the range of our better civilization—does business seem so remote, so vague and unreal. Here a positive organic system of idleness or of active pleasure-taking has grown up and matured. If there is any poetry in the ignorance of trade and turmoil and the hard processes of fortune, Newport may claim her share of it. She knows—or at least appears to know—for the most part, nothing but results. Individuals here, of course, have private cares and burdens, to preserve the balance and the dignity of life; but these collective society conspires to forget. It is a singular fact that a society that does nothing is decidedly more picturesque, more interesting to the eye of sentiment, than a society which is hard at work. Newport, in this way, is infinitely more picturesque than Saratoga. There you feel that idleness is occasional, empirical. Most of the people you see are asking themselves, you imagine, whether the game is worth the candle, and work is not better than such toilsome play. But here, obviously, the habit of pleasure is formed, and (within the limits of a generous morality) many of the secrets of pleasure are known. Do what we will, on certain lines Europe is ahead of us yet. Newport falls altogether short of Baden-Baden in her presentment of the improprieties. They are altogether absent from the picture, which is therefore signally destitute of those shades of color produced by the mysteries and fascinations of vice. But idleness *per se* is vicious, and of course you may imagine what you please. For my own part, I prefer to imagine nothing but the graceful and the pure; and, with the help of such imaginings, you may construct a very pretty sentimental counterpart to the superficial movement of society. This I lately found very difficult to do at Saratoga. Sentiment there is pitifully shy and elusive. Here, the multiplied relations of men and women, under the permanent pressure of luxury and idleness, give it a very fair chance. Sentiment, indeed, of masterly force and interest, springs up in every soil, with a sovereign disregard of occasion. People love and hate and aspire with the greatest intensity when they have to make their time and privilege. I should hardly come to Newport for the materials of a tragedy. Even in their own kind, the social elements are as yet too light and thin. But I can fancy finding here the plot of many a pleasant sentimental comedy. I can almost imagine, indeed, a transient observer of the Newport spectacle dreaming momentarily of a great American novel, in which the heroine shall be infinitely realistic, and yet neither a schoolmistress nor an outcast. I say intentionally the "transient" observer, because I fancy that here the suspicion only is friendly to dramatic peace; the knowledge is hostile. The observer would discover, on a nearer view, I rather fear, that his possible heroines have too unexceptionally a perpetual "good time."

This will remind the reader of what he must already have heard affirmed, that to speak of a place with abundance you must know it, but not too well. I feel as if I knew the natural elements of Newport too well to attempt to describe them. I have known them so long that I hardly know what I think of them. I have little more than a simple conscious-

ness of vastly enjoying them. Even this consciousness at times lies dumb and inert. I wonder at such times whether, to appeal fairly to the general human sense, the prospect here has not something too much of the extra-terrestrial element. Life seems too short, space too narrow, to warrant you in giving in an unqualified adhesion to a *payasage* which is two-thirds ocean. For the most part, however, I am willing to take the landscape as it stands, and to think that, without its native complement of sea, the land would lose much of its beauty. It is, in fact, a land exquisitely modified by marine influences. Indeed, in spite of all the evil it has done me, I could find it in my soul to love the sea when I consider how it co-operates with the Newport promontories to the delight of the eye. Give it up altogether, and you can thus enjoy it still, reflected and immobilized—like the Prussian army a month hence.

Newport consists, as the reader will know, of an ancient and honorable town, a goodly harbor, and a long, broad neck of land, stretching southward into the sea, and forming the chief habitation of the summer colony. Along the greater part of its eastward length, this projecting coast is bordered with lordly cliffs and dotted with seaward-gazing villas. At the head of the promontory the villas enjoy a magnificent reach of prospect. The pure Atlantic—the Old World westward tides—expire directly at their feet. Behind the line of villas runs the Avenue, with more villas yet—of which there is nothing at all to say, but that those built recently are a hundred times prettier than those built fifteen years ago, offering a modest contribution to our modern architectural Renaissance. Some years ago, when I first knew Newport, the town proper was considered extremely “picturesque.” If an antique shabbiness that amounts almost to squalor is a pertinent element, as I believe it is, of the picturesque, the little main street at least—Thames Street by name—still deserves the praise. Here, in their crooked and dwarfish wooden mansions, are the shops that minister to the daily needs of the expanded city; and here of a summer morning, jolting over the cobble-stones of the narrow roadway, you may see a hundred superfine ladies seeking with languid eagerness what they may buy—to “buy something,” I believe, being a diurnal necessity of the American woman of substance. This busy region gradually melts away into the grass-grown stillness of the Point, in the eyes of many persons the pleasantest quarter in Newport. It has superficially the advantage of being as yet uninvaded by fashion. When I first knew it, however, its peculiar charm was even more undisturbed than at present. The Point may be called the old residential, as distinguished from the commercial, town. It is meagre, shallow, and scanty—a mere pinch of antiquity—but, as far as it goes, it retains an exquisite tone. It leaves the shops and the little wharves, and wanders close to the harbor, where the breeze-borne rattle of shifted sails and spars alone intrudes upon its stillness, till its mouldy-timbered quiet subsides into the low, tame rocks and beaches which edge the bay. Several fine modern houses have recently been erected on the water-side, absorbing the sober, primitive tenements which used to maintain the picturesque character of the place. They improve it, of course, as a residence, but they injure it as a spectacle. Enough of early architecture still remains, however, to suggest a multitude of thoughts as to the severe simplicity of the generation which produced it. It is picturesque in a way, but with a paucity of elements which seems to defy all effect. The plain gray nudity of these little warped and shingled boxes seems utterly to repudiate the slightest curiosity. But here, as elsewhere, the magical Newport atmosphere wins half the battle. It aims at no mystery. It clothes them in a garment of absolute light. Their homely notches and splinters twinkle in the sun. Their steep gray roofs, barnacled with lichens, remind you of old scows, overturned on the beach to dry. They show for what they are—simple houses by the sea. Overdarkened by no wealth of inland shade, without show or elegance or finish, they patiently partake of the fortunes of the era—of the vast blue glare which rises from the bay, and the storms which sweep inward from the ocean. They have been blown free of all needless accretion of detail—scorched clean of all graceful superfluities. Most of the population of this part of Newport is, I believe, of Quaker lineage. This double-salted Quakerism is abundant motive for this soundless and colorless simplicity.

One of the more recent movements of fashion is the so-called “New Drive”—the beautiful drive by the sea. The Avenue, where the Neck abruptly terminates, has been made to prolong itself to the west, and to wander for a couple of miles over a lovely region of beach and lowly down and sandy meadow and salt brown sheep-grass. This region was formerly the most beautiful part of Newport—the least frequented and the most untamed by fashion. I by no means regret the creation of the new road, however. A walker may very soon isolate himself, and the

occupants of carriages stand a chance of benefit quite superior to their power of injury. The peculiar charm of this great westward expanse is very difficult to define. It is in an especial degree the charm of Newport in general—the combined lowness of tone, as painters call it, in all the earthy elements, and the extraordinary elevation of tone in the air. For miles and miles you see at your feet, in mingled shades of yellow and gray, a desolate waste of moss-clad rock and sand-starved grass. At your left surges and shines the mighty presence of the vast immediate sea. Above the broken and composite level of this double-featured plain, the great heavens ascend in innumerable stages of light. In spite of the bare simplicity of this prospect, its beauty is far more a beauty of detail than that of the average American landscape. Descend into a hollow of the rocks, into one of the little warm climates of five feet square which you may find there, beside the grateful ocean glare, and you will be struck quite as much by their fineness as by their roughness. From time to time, as you wander, you will meet a lonely, stunted tree, into the storm-twisted multiplicity of whose branches all the possible grace and grotesqueness of the growth of trees seem to have been finely concentrated. The region of which I speak is perhaps best seen in the late afternoon, from the high seat of a carriage on the Avenue. You seem to stand just without the threshold of the west. At its opposite extremity sinks the sun, with such a splendor, perhaps, as I lately saw—a splendor of the deepest blue, more luminous and fiery than the fiercest of our common vesperal crimsons, all streaked and barred with blown and drifted gold. The whole vast interval, with its rocks and marshes and ponds, seems bedimmed into a troubled monotone of glorious purple. The near Atlantic is fading slowly into the unborrowed darkness of its deep, essential life. In the foreground, a short distance from the road, an old orchard uplifts its tangled stems and branches against the violet mists of the west. It seems strangely grotesque and enchanted. No ancient olive grove of Italy or Provence was ever more hoarily romantic. This is what people commonly behold on the last homeward bend of the drive. For such of them as are happy enough to occupy one of the villas on the cliffs, the beauty of the day has even yet not expired. The present summer has been emphatically the summer of moonlights. Not the nights, however, but the long days, in these agreeable homes, are what specially appeal to my fancy. Here you find a solution of the insoluble problem—to combine an abundance of society with an abundance of solitude. In their charming broad-windowed drawing-rooms, on their great seaward piazzas, within sight of the serious Atlantic horizon, which is so familiar to the eye and so mysterious to the heart, caressed by the gentle breeze which makes all but simple, social, delightful *then* and *there* seem unreal and untasteful—the sweet fruit of the lotus grows more than ever succulent and magical. You feel here not more a man, perhaps, but more a passive gentleman and worldling. How sensible they ought to be, the denizens of these pleasant places, of their peculiar felicity and distinction! How it should purify their tempers and refine their intellects! How delicate, how wise, how discriminating they should become! What excellent manners and fancies their situation should generate! How it should purge them of vulgarity! Happy *villegianti* of Newport!

## Correspondence.

### THE SPOLIATION OF BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussions which have grown out of the denial by the Emperor Napoleon that he authorized Benedetti's proposition for the absorption of Belgium by France, I do not know that attention has been called to the following extract from the “Memoirs of Baron Bunsen,” published in 1869. It is a part of a letter from Bunsen to Baron Stockmar, and may be found on page 185 of the second volume:

“20th January, 1852.

“X. related to him that, when he was away at Vienna, Schwarzenberg sent for him one day, and said, ‘The President offers, through Persigny (in exchange for the Rhine frontier and Belgium), to Prussia, Hanover and Oldenburg; to Austria, Moldavia and Wallachia; to Russia, Constantinople.’ The Emperor Nicholas said the same to Lamoricière. They both shrugged their shoulders.”

It would seem from the above that the Emperor's contemplated spoliation of a peaceful and unoffending neighbor has been a plan cherished for



many years, and the events of the last month show that the continued prosecution of it in another form has finally brought him to destruction.

G. T. D.

PORTLAND, September 5, 1870.

### UNITED GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sympathies of the *Nation*, in common, I suppose, with all who favor liberal institutions, have been with Prussia and Germany in the war so wickedly and foolishly provoked by Napoleon. Yet our detestation of Caesarism, and our hopes for the advancement of intellectual emancipation, as represented by Germany, should not blind us to the dangers attendant upon the domination of the united Teutonic race under the guidance of so unscrupulous a leader as Bismarck.

It is the fashion just now to represent the Germans as an inoffensive race, anxious only to pursue the peaceful arts of industry within the territory that belongs to them, and only to be provoked to arms by aggression from without. No one who has the slightest familiarity with the career of the race, since the days of Clovis and Charlemagne, can observe without a smile these idyllic eulogies of our Teutonic friends. In fact, no more warlike and aggressive people can be found anywhere; and if they have been forced to remain within the boundaries assigned to them by the treaty of Verdun in 843, it has only been because of the anarchic constitution of the Empire rendering them, as a general rule, powerless for foreign conquest in consequence of home dissension. Whenever they could be persuaded to abstain from cutting each other's throats, their swords have always been ready to draw against their neighbors. Barbarossa's destruction of Milan, Otto's battle of Boveries, and Edward III.'s appointment as Vicar of the Empire, are sufficient illustrations of their habitually peaceful mood: nor are the aspirations of Charles V. for the universal monarchy, which kept Europe in confusion for thirty years, a whit more reassuring.

In this bad eminence, Prussia unquestionably occupies the highest place. The mark of Brandenburg was founded by the unwearied swords of the Teutonic Knights, and the kingdom sprung from it has grown to its present portentous size by continuous acts of spoliation, more audacious, if possible, than any which marked the career of even Napoleon I. Silesia, Poland, and the Duchies are the examples in the past by which we can forecast the future; nor is there anything in the history of the Prussian nation to lead us to believe that it will prove an exception to the general rule—that the greater the power, the greater will be its abuse.

While respecting the aspirations of the race for German unity, and feeling that the defeat of Napoleon has saved Europe from the calamity of French domination, it therefore seems to me impossible for any reflecting and impartial mind not to fear that the complete triumph of the Germans, and the re-establishment of the Empire under the Hohenzollerns, bode ill for the interests of peace and civilization. That the rest of Europe can long submit to the domineering arrogance sure to attend upon the astounding success of the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 would seem to be impossible. The insolence of Von Thiele's recent note to England on the neutrality question is an earnest of what is to follow; and however much we, as Americans, may like just now to see England snubbed for taking advantage of her position as a neutral, our natural feelings of resentment towards her should not blind us to the rights of the matter nor to the meaning of the portent.

There are still outlying fragments of the Teutonic race which the craving for Germanic union will render fit objects for the exercise of "manifest destiny." The German populations of Austria, the Germanic provinces of Russia, as well as Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland, are all tempting morsels, whose absorption can readily be justified by arguments as cogent as those which are so liberally applied to Alsace and Lorraine. Nor will the intoxication of success long delay the practical application of such arguments. The natural dread of the powers interested will probably seek to anticipate further aggression, and we may look forward to some tremendous coalition to crush Germany, such as finally destroyed Napoleon I., plunging Europe once more into the horrors of a contest equal in magnitude to those which marked the opening of the century.

To avert this, the only thing would appear to be that Germany, once united, may recognize the political power lying latent in forty or fifty millions of intelligent, educated human beings, and may refuse longer to be the sport of feudal knights like King William or audacious adventurers like Bismarck. The latter may find that, like Frankenstein, he has created a giant whom he cannot control, and that united Germany may reject the trappings of the worn-out Empire. If it should seek, in the peaceful evolu-

tion of liberal institutions, the true fields for displaying its energies, the world may possibly have cause to rejoice at the birth of a new nation. Even this, however, is doubtful; for republics, like monarchies, are liable to the "earth-hunger," and popular passions are as easily aroused and as reckless as the ambitions of kings.

H. C. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1870.

[From the foundation of the monarchy to the present day—one hundred and fifty years, including the reign of Frederick the Great and the war of the French Revolution—Prussia has enjoyed one hundred and twenty-five years of peace. We doubt if either France, England, Austria, or Russia have within the same period enjoyed twenty-five years of peace all told. With her present military organization, it is safe to say her peaceableness will be greatly increased. The "earth-hunger" is rarely found to be very strong among people who have themselves to do the fighting necessary to gratify it. It is fiercest where the "expansion" has to be worked by hired soldiers. There is nothing like putting a man in a regiment, and then letting him stay with his family till war is declared, for taking the fight out of him. The peace of the world, too, would be greatly promoted, we feel sure, if newspaper editors had to serve in a separate battalion for desperate enterprises, such as assaults on fortified positions, the cutting-out of ships in the enemy's harbor, and the occupation of exposed points for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and no military organization under a popular government will be perfect which does not include this.—ED. NATION.]

### GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You and your correspondent "M. A." are to be congratulated on being at last distinctly told just what is Young Yale's complaint: "Ministers are, as a rule, inferior men." To know just what the disease is, is half the cure.

I, sir, belong to the party of "Young Yalensians," so far as years go, for I graduated in the same class with the self-constituted champion of the rights of that party. But I do not sympathize with him in all respects in this matter. Nor do I believe that the majority of the graduates of these later years stand with him and with "Alumnus." We all want to see our Alma Mater making the utmost progress. We don't believe in holding on to things of the past, simply because they are of the past. We are not at all anxious, in view of their eminent (?) services, to retain the "Six Senior Senators" in the corporation of Yale College. We would like to see the alumni have more voice than at present in the management of the college.

And yet it does seem to me—and I cannot but think that many, even of "Young Yale" men, will agree with me—that the method of improvement proposed by "Alumnus" utterly breaks down. (1.) It is sheer folly, even if it is not false—I claim that it is false—to say that "ministers are, as a class, inferior men," to say that "there are few of them who are not inefficient in thought, narrow-minded, and in the true sense of the word uncultivated." This is a mere assertion that could be uttered just as well as regards any other class of men. The truth is that there are men of all grades in every profession. Young Yale must try stronger weapons than mere wholesale assertion without foundation in fact, if he expects to carry his point.

(2.) Your correspondent "believes that if trial could be made of an equal number of Yale laymen as managers of the university, in ten years the truly liberalizing effect of a graduate's education on his mind would be five times that which his education under the present clerical system gives him." What is the "belief" of "Alumnus" worth against the actual facts in the case? When the college has been growing steadily into a complete university; when it has kept fully up with the best progress—though not the hollow, empty, merely boasted progress—of the age; when Yale graduates all the land over are leading in their various callings, and these are the simple facts in the case—it is certainly fair to conclude that the management has, on the whole, been good, even though it has been the "clerical system."

The Young Yale party is doubtless sincere and well-meaning. If they can show good arguments—not mere assertions and beliefs—why changes should be made I for one will give my vote on their side. But

the remedies they have thus far proposed for real or imagined evils seem to be simply these:

Oust the ministers from the government of the university.

Secure the son of the President of the United States for his college course to Yale.

Bring some man with a big name—whether his brains correspond or not—to sit on the commencement platform.

I confess, Mr. Editor, that in view of these weighty suggestions, I have no hesitation in subscribing myself

ONE OF THE (SO CALLED) "INFERIOR CLASS."

[We have been requested to say that the correspondent who signed himself "Alumnus," in the *Nation* of August 11, is not the same person as the "Alumnus" who also spoke for "Young Yale" two weeks since.—ED. NATION.]

### AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In what purports to be a criticism of the *Modern Thinker*, you call Mrs. Croly's essay "a novel." You say the short paragraph about Universology is an "article." You declare that Noyes's contribution is "on flesh-colored paper and red ink," when it is printed in blue upon blue; and are so inaccurate (to use no harsher term) in other matters of fact that I am forced to believe that you flippantly passed judgment upon an important work after reading the title-page and "flirting" the leaves with your fingers. Is this honest? Is it fair to yourself or just to

D. GOODMAN,  
19 Bank Street?

New York, Sept. 5, 1870.

[We are in contrition about the flesh-colored paper and the red ink. Mr. J. H. Noyes does indeed, as Mr. Goodman points out, appear in a dark-blue ink on a light-blue ground, and to deny it would be mendacity. The flesh-colored paper with red ink is matter that has nothing to do with the Oneida communist, except that it refers at some length to some of the pleasing practices of the Noyes confraternity. And as for Mrs. Croly's "Love-Life of Auguste Comte," we were wrong again there. The last part of it is a "novelette," translated by Mrs. Croly, but the first part, we confess, is an essay. We confess further that we have not perused the *Modern Thinker*; that we had not perused it when we made the notice of it; and that, when we wrote the notice in question, we had not a copy of the book in this office. Such are some of the exigencies of the reviewer. But we are not going to admit that a short article is not an article; and we stand by all that we ever said about the remarks on the Universology of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Seriously, we had given an examination to the *Modern Thinker*; and we had pondered a notice of it; but somebody made off with our copy of it, and the notice which we published was based on our recollection of its contents; and that, we are afflicted to say, failed miserably as to the flesh-color and the light-blue, and the dark-blue and the red or carmine, and the novelette. As to the real merits of the magazine, however, our memory served us so well, as we find after a renewed examination of the contents of the *Modern Thinker*, that we have no disposition to find the least fault with it.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

THE large public in this country whom Japanese art has interested in the Japanese people, will be glad to learn of a book soon to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It is entitled "Tales of Old Japan," and the translation is the work of Captain A. B. Mitford, formerly an attaché of the British Embassy at Yeddo. The publishers say that the tales are as attractive as the "Arabian Nights," and that, besides the interest belonging to them intrinsically as stories, they throw a good deal of light on the civilization of the singular people among whom their scenes are laid. Additional light of this kind will be got, it is promised, from Captain Mitford's copious annotations. An interesting feature of this interesting work will be the forty full-page illustrations, of which the blocks were drawn and engraved for Capt. Mitford by native artists, and which are said to be of a

humorous character.—The complete edition of the late Mr. F. S. Cozzens's works contains "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker;" "The Débardeur," a novel; "Acadia: a Month with the Bluesoes;" "The History of New Plymouth;" and, better known than any of the others, "The Sparrow-grass Papers." Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are the publishers of this edition, which will be complete in five volumes. The same house will publish at an early day these other works: In the last volume of their Household Edition of Dickens they will give us "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," with an illustration by Darley. Lucretia Maria Davidson's poems, edited by her kinsman, M. O. Davidson, are to be published in an illustrated volume, with designs by Darley, and two portraits on steel. Some time ago, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton began a series of volumes of famous English sermonizers. We believe the announced fourth volume of South's sermons—the last of which will come in a fifth volume—is also the fourth of the series. "Black Peter" is partly a translation of the rhymes of "Der schwarze Peter," but it is also twenty pictures in silhouette by Paul Konewka, whose "Midsummer-Night's Dream," in a series of extremely graceful silhouettes, gave the public so much pleasure last year. "Suburban Sketches" is to be the title of a volume containing Mr. W. D. Howells's excellent essays, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* within the past two or three years. "A Hand-book of Legendary and Mythological Art," by Clara Erskine Clement, gives in alphabetical order, and in a concise and intelligible form, the myths and legends, Christian and Pagan, with which plastic art so largely deals. Other legends have not been neglected—as those of the Rhine, for instance—and the various symbols employed in art get attention. Finally, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will this fall issue the fifth and last of the famous reports issued by the Sanitary Commission since the close of the war. The first division of the new volume will contain an analysis of four hundred and thirty-nine "Recovered Amputations in the Contiguity of the Lower Extremity;" the second treats of "Amputation at the Ankle-joint;" and the third, which is the work of an ex-Confederate surgeon, of "Hospital Gangrene as it prevailed in the Confederate Armies."—Mr. Carleton announces a new book by "Fanny Fern," called "Ginger-snaps;" a novel, "Chris and Otho," by Mrs. Julie P. Smith, written as a sequel to "The Widow Goldsmith's Daughter;" and, in due time, "Josh Billings's Farmer's Almanax" for the coming year.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in preparation: "Tent-Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koracks and other Tribes in Kamtchatka and Northern Asia," by George Kennan, a young American who has travelled the entire distance from Behring's Straits to St. Petersburg. In October, "The Heavens," an illustrated table-book of popular astronomy. In November, two reprints—from the *Atlantic*, "Joseph and his Friend," by Bayard Taylor; from *Putnam's*, "Eirene: A Woman's Right," by Mary Clemmer Ames—stories of American and New England life respectively. Another work announced by the same house is "The Sunnyside Book," to consist of writings by Bryant, Curtis, Irving, Howells, etc., illustrated by well-known artists. They will also publish economical and handsome editions of Irving's "Washington" and of Gibbon's "Roman Empire."—Messrs. Harper & Bros. are about to publish several novels whose titles we append: "The Heir Expectant," by the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc.; "In Duty Bound," by the author of "Mark Warren," etc.; "Which is the Heroine?" "A Dangerous Guest," by the author of "Gilbert Rugge," etc.; "Estelle Russell," by the author of "The Life of Galileo." To the foregoing announcements they add a number of text-books, a new edition of "Tom Brown at Oxford," and—*magnum opus*—an Index to *Harper's Monthly* for the first forty volumes, which ought to have the effect of bringing the whole series into request. Country newspaper-offices and country libraries, in particular, would do well to procure it, and when one remembers how much the *Monthly* has consisted of extracts from books (especially works of travel and adventure), the Index, it is clear, will be highly valuable as a guide to the bibliography of the past twenty years within the *Monthly's* range of selection.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press these works: The Second Part of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Belief"; "The Conservative Reformation and its Theology, as represented in the Augsburg Confession and in the History and Literature of the Evangelical Protestant Church" (the Lutheran), by the Reverend Professor C. P. Krauth, of Pennsylvania; "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," by Anthony Trollope; "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," by George MacDonald; "Mark Logan, the Bourgeois," a novel, by Mrs. J. H. Kinzie; "Fernhurst Court," by the clever author of "Lettice Lisle"; and, finally, "Stories from Waverley for Children." The business of crumbing up great authors seems to be a good deal overdone.



—It is proper to call the attention of teachers, superintendents of education, and all other buyers of school-books to the "educational number" (July) of Leypoldt & Holt's *Trade Circular*. It begins with a very large and complete list—occupying twenty-five pages—of school-books published by American houses. We find under the head of "Algebra," which opens the list, no less than thirty-five titles, accompanied in each case by a statement of the price of the work and the publishers' names. Every other branch of educational literature is treated with the same fulness, from "Zoology" to "Bible History," "Chaldee," "Punctuation," "Perspective," and "Phonographic Short-hand." Following this valuable list are thirty or forty pages of advertisements, which are themselves of considerable value as an index, and which supplement the list by adding many titles of school-books published abroad and sold here in the importers' stores. There is, for instance, a page filled with the titles and prices of the Teubner editions of classical authors. On the whole, in spite of the fact that some few of the smaller houses appear to have been careless about giving information to the compiler of this work, he has succeeded in getting together a mass of facts in regard to American educational literature such as has never before been gathered, and he has so arranged it as to make it perfectly easy of access.

—It may well be asked whether there is any glory of the French nation during the past twenty years that will compare with the peaceful mud-dredging at the Isthmus of Suez. The Emperor, whose encouragement rendered the canal a success, had long been possessed with the notion of cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Nicaragua; and it is altogether probable that the Emperor Maximilian was a sacrifice to this "idée Napoléonienne" evolved at Ham. To plant a powerful Latin state, under the patronage and control of France, at the two points on the globe which offered the shortest communication between the two hemispheres, was a project which may be praised for its audacity. The failure of it in Mexico leaves the question of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific to be solved by this country, if it covets the undertaking. The history of the numerous unsuccessful experiments to determine the line of this canal points to the necessity of a thorough survey of Central America, there being few parts of the globe as to which the maps and the narratives of explorers are so much in error. A pamphlet, discussing the practicability of a ship canal across the Isthmus, has been prepared by Mr. S. T. Abert, C.E., and published by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati. The author appears not to be practised in writing, but he has evidently made a careful study of his subject, and furnishes a great quantity of statistics relating not only to his immediate enquiry, but to the Suez Canal, the Mt. Cenis and Hoosac Tunnels, etc., with diagrams of each.

—The late Mr. Kennedy left behind him a number of manuscript volumes which are to be stored in Baltimore until the year 1900, when they are to become the property of the Peabody Institute. Meantime, before they are boxed up, there is to be published such part of his correspondence and his reminiscences as may seem good to his literary executors, who are the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, Mr. Josiah Remington, and Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, the well-known writer, upon whom will probably fall the preparation of the work for the press.

—The winter promises to be unusually rich in dramatic and musical entertainment, and among its sources we have to number Mrs. E. S. Dallas, who, as Miss Glyn, has won on the English stage such fame as only few actresses have ever achieved. More recently, she has been giving, in England, Shakspearean readings, with a success which, perhaps, nobody but Mrs. Kemble has equalled, drawing and holding large audiences in London night after night. She has just arrived for the purpose of giving a series in this country, beginning with New York, and will probably open with *Macbeth*, as the best known of her plays, but will eventually read *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which she has achieved most distinction. Her *Cleopatra*—a part of which Mrs. Siddons is said to have been afraid—is pronounced by the best English critics to have been in London a striking success.

—Yale College has, we trust, made a very valuable acquisition—indeed, we can hardly think of one of its kind more valuable—in the purchase, for the extraordinarily low price of \$1,200 in gold, of the library of the late Professor Rau, of Heidelberg. It contains 4,400 volumes and 2,000 pamphlets, all on politico-economical subjects, and we doubt if there are many, if any, better collections in this field in Europe; there is certainly nothing like it here, and it will furnish students of economical science in America with facilities they have never had before. The college has telegraphed, closing with the offer of the professor's representatives, and it is to be hoped has not been anticipated. It is as well to say, for the benefit of

colleges and public libraries and private book-collectors, that the coming year is likely to be an unusually favorable season for making purchases in Germany. What with deaths in the army, and the impoverishment of families, and the interruption to lines of study wrought in various ways by the war, a considerable number of libraries of special value will probably be thrown on the market.

—An odd feature of the present war in Europe is the large number of prophecies that the German booksellers are publishing. Old "parsons," old "shepherds," old hermits and monks, to say nothing of Nostradamus and other authorities, who in times of peace are looked on as exploded prophets, are now coming to the surface in great numbers, and all of them, it appears, long ago predicted the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon at or about this time. Of Antichrist and the infallibility dogma we hear less; the war prophets have as effectually overslaughed their brethren of peace as the war news has put out of sight news from Rome and the Council; but by-and-by Dr. Cumming will no doubt make a new count of the times and half-times in the Book of Daniel, and with Bismarck, instead of Napoleon, for the he-goat with a notable horn between his eyes, or the ram with two horns pushing westward and northward and southward, we shall have a revised view of the Scarlet Woman, as interesting and profitable as the old one. More curious than any of the prognostications that we have seen—except one of Nostradamus's which is an excellent specimen of the humbug that lies in oracular ambiguity and obscurity—is one concerning Louis Philippe and Napoleon, which has, to be sure, gone the rounds of the press several times since the *coup d'état*, but which most of our readers will have forgotten. Louis Philippe, this prophetic calculation goes, was born in 1773; his queen was born in 1782; they were married in 1809; they began their reign in 1830. Now, if we add to 1830 the sum of the figures composing the year of Louis Philippe's birth, we get 1848, the year of his downfall. One, seven, seven, and three are eighteen, and 1830 and 18 are 1848. Again, if we treat the figures making up the year of his queen's birth as we treated those making up the year of his own, we get 1848. So, too, if we add to 1830 the sum of the figures composing 1809, the year of the marriage, we get again 1848. In the case of Napoleon and Eugénie, the same process produces the same curious effect of always bringing us to 1870, the year of his downfall.

Louis Napoleon was born in . . . . .	1808
Eugénie was born in . . . . .	1826
The pair were married in . . . . .	1833
They two ascended the imperial throne in . . . . .	1853

Using these figures as before, we arrive in each case at 1870—

1853	1853	1853
1	1	1
8	8	8
0	2	3
8	6	3
1870	1870	1870

It is true that it was in 1852, and not in 1853, that Napoleon got into the throne as Emperor, and that if we were to take that date instead of the year when Eugénie joined him there we should have his downfall twice predicted for 1869, and in the case standing third as above given, we should have 1868 for the year. But good prophecy is so scarce that a prophet who hits the target at all is not to be blamed if he does it by taking every advantage of the ground before making his shot.

—M. "Azamat-Batuk," of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was arrested as a Prussian spy in the employ of a paper subsidized by Bismarck, having returned to London, has been delivering a lecture in which he sets forth what were his opinions of the chances of France after Wörth and Gravelotte. They were very good, it seemed to him; the English and other people were altogether too fast in thinking that France's case was hopeless. Sedan has happened since his lecture, which, of course, needs now a good deal of revision. It is, however, not violently French, though sufficiently so to make it evident that the writer is so much a lover of France as not to weigh with necessary coolness the probabilities of Prussian success. He has little that is new to tell us. Previous to Weissenburg and Wörth he found the French standing idle, not, as people thought, because the Emperor is of a vacillating disposition, but because his soldiers came in slowly, and food more slowly still. He intended an offensive war, and spread out his front to a length of a hundred miles, expecting that as they entered the Palatinate, and passed through a country which would in that case be devastated, the soldiers would the more readily procure supplies. Metz and Strasbourg, which were to be the main points of the French base, were found by M. Azamat-Batuk to be ill supplied and incapable of serving as a base of offensive operations. While the Emperor thus waited, out of temper with his marshals, his état-major, and everybody else

whose business it had been to keep the army efficient, and while the troops, officered by men ignorant of the country and destitute of maps, were getting demoralized on half-rations, down came the Prussians, converted the war into a defensive campaign, for which France was still worse prepared than for the offensive campaign projected, and there was nothing but ruin. But the country would at once rouse itself, the lecturer thought, and the disasters of the beginning would be speedily atoned for. So he goes on, misunderstanding, with as thorough a blindness as that of any French journalist of a month since, the perfection of the Prussian plans. All rested with France. France had but to do so and so. But we speak of his lecture, not to note this feature of it, nor to get facts from it, but for the sake of citing an example or two of M. Azamat-Batuk's method of dealing with his audiences and his subject. His peculiar humor does not fail him under any circumstances. He apologizes for his broken English by saying that he wishes to get money for the peasants of Lorraine and Alsace, whom he knows to need it, and he adds a little remark as to a peculiarity which he has observed in the English nation:

"This is the chief reason why I took the liberty of appearing with my bad English before Englishmen, who, as a rule, do not themselves excel in pronouncing foreign languages, but, at the same time, often object when their own language is not properly pronounced. . . . A secondary stimulus acting in me was of a more practical nature. When I have paid over the money raised with your gracious aid into the hands of the French ambassador, I shall ask him for a receipt. This receipt I will put in my pocket, and start to-morrow back to the Continent to fulfil the duties which the *Pall Mall Gazette* entrusted to me; and if I am again arrested as a Prussian spy, or as a correspondent of an English paper in the pay of Prussia, I shall show this receipt of the French ambassador to every blessed gendarme who may intend to arrest me."

Here is how he pays his respects to the ladies:

"I am sorry that in the picture I attempt to sketch of the state of France I must give a very bad part to the fair sex. Not only all the habits of my Turkish nationality, but all the tendencies of my heart and soul, are strongly inclined toward the ladies. But all my thoughts are against them, for, notwithstanding all the achievements the ladies attribute to themselves, and all the rights they claim, I have seldom seen yet that they should, as a body, anywhere conduct themselves properly."

He declares that, although Marshal MacMahon was bred to his business in Algeria, where fighting is not conducted in anything like a gentle manner, he was, nevertheless, far too delicate in his method for the ladies. They reproached him for superfluous gentleness because, although there were about forty thousand Bavarians in a forest not far from Hagenau, or somewhere close by Würth, he marched away, and did not set the forest on fire, and so destroy this concealed body of enemies:

"How was the wood to be set on fire? How long would it take to burn? How were the Prussians to be kept in it? Nothing of this was enquired into, but the ladies of France wished the wood to be burned and the Prussians to be roasted in it. And they talked so long on the subject, that a great part of the male population of Eastern France began to repeat the same thing."

The women spread all manner of fabulous tales, M. Amzat-Batuk reports, magnifying an ordinary wound into some impossible mutilation, and multiplying fables as to outrages, mountains of slain, conflagrations; and as to spies, they went crazy over them, demanding the immediate and total destruction of every accused person immediately on suspicion attaching itself to him:

"With reference to spies, again, the men have never attempted to arrest so great a number of English and even French citizens as the women have done; and, while the former have invariably insisted upon a suspicious person being examined as to his personality, or ejected from the country, the latter have constantly excited the mob by demanding that the person should be immediately torn to pieces."

—In the last forty years, what European city has grown in population in the highest ratio? The capital of what is now the foremost power on the Continent. In 1832, Berlin was less peopled than Boston or Chicago now is, having but 250,000 inhabitants. In 1869 it rivalled New York, having 800,000—that is to say, an increase of 220 per cent. Paris, on the other hand, which has grown from 890,000 to 1,950,000 in the same interval, shows only 118 per cent. increase, and London (1,624,000–3,214,000) only 98 per cent. All the great cities are proved by similar statistics to have multiplied their population at a rate considerably higher than that of the country at large—Paris outstripping France, for instance, by five to one in this respect. Madrid (190,000–390,000) has increased since 1832 by 105 per cent.; Liverpool (190,000–520,000) 174 per cent.; Glasgow (202,000–401,000), 99 per cent.; Vienna (310,000–640,000), 107 per cent.; Naples (358,000–600,000), 67 per cent.; Moscow (280,000–420,000), 50 per cent. Dublin, Lisbon, Manchester, and Amsterdam show an increase of less than 50 per cent. The authority for these figures is *Les Annales de Voyages* for June.

## LEGGE'S CHINESE CLASSICS.\*

BEGINNING with the "Confucius Sinarum Philosophus" of Intorcetta and others (Paris, 1687), the Chinese canonical books have all, with perhaps one exception, been translated into some one or other of the European languages, and some of them more than once. But Dr. Legge has undertaken to give us a translation of the whole canon, the Five Classics and Four Books, with introductions, notes, and indexes, on a scale not hitherto attempted, and the work is now so far advanced that we may hope to see it completed. After many years of preparation, the first two volumes, containing the Four Books, which are chiefly occupied with the sayings and opinions of Confucius and Mencius, were published in 1861; four years later, the "Shu King," the "Book of History," appeared in two volumes; and now, after a still longer interval, the "Book of Poetry" is understood to be nearly ready for publication. Dr. Legge's translation may safely be pronounced the most faithful yet produced, though falling far short, as any translation must, of the brevity and force of the original. Sometimes this marked quality of the Chinese classical style seems to us unnecessarily sacrificed, and we should be inclined here and there to transfer to the text of Dr. Legge's translation the more liberal rendering given in the notes. The following extreme example is taken from the "Doctrine of the Mean," chap. xiii. 3: "*When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path.*" What we have put in italics is expressed in the Chinese simply by two words, *chung shu*, meaning, the first, "faithfulness;" the second, "consideration for the feelings of others." Setting aside the question of the correctness of Dr. Legge's translation, it were certainly better to lose, if need be, some shade of meaning, rather than, by such a paraphrase, all the force of the original. Again, Confucius ("Analects," book vi., chap. i. 1) says of one of his disciples, Yung, as translated in the note, "He might be employed with his face to the south," i. e., sit as the princes in the time of Confucius did, and as the Emperor still does, facing the south; but in the text of Dr. Legge's translation we have the colorless rendering, "He might occupy the place of a prince." But the value of Dr. Legge's edition, at least to scholars, lies not so much in the translation as in the introductions, which are full of learning, the notes, drawn largely but with independent judgment from native commentaries, and the full indexes, especially the index of Chinese characters and phrases, serving as a dictionary and concordance to each classic. These ensure to the work a high and permanent value, even if the translation should in some cases, as perhaps in the "Book of Poetry," prove, from its great obscurity, unsatisfactory. To students of Chinese, especially, the work is in the highest degree useful; they will hardly find a better help. We have serious apprehensions, however, that it will be generally regarded as a dispensation from the study of the language rather than a help to it. The number of those who will wish to go back of the translation is not large.

The danger to which Dr. Legge is most exposed is not the common one of exaggerating the importance of his subject, but rather the opposite—want of sympathy with it. His estimate of Confucius in particular, which is briefly given in the following extract, seems to us unjust:

"But I must now leave the sage. I hope I have not done him injustice; but, after long study of his character and opinions, I am unable to regard him as a great man. He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of the officers and scholars of his time. He threw no new light on any of the questions which have a world-wide interest. He gave no impulse to religion. He had no sympathy with progress. His influence has been wonderful, but it will henceforth wane."

Dr. Legge is not alone in the opinion that Confucius was less religious than his countrymen before him. Some even charge him with putting an impersonal law in the place of a personal God. It is true that he uniformly speaks of "Heaven," but the "Shu King" also, the document of most weight in the question, uses this term far oftener than "Supreme Ruler." Dr. Legge assumes that the latter was, in the faith of the Chinese, the original name for God, and "Heaven" only a synonym; but the reverse is far more likely to have been the real order, and "Heaven," at first in a more material, afterwards in a more spiritual, sense, the earlier as it is still the highest, object of worship. If so, the greater antiquity of the term would recommend it strongly to the choice of Confucius. From his silence on certain subjects, we may not conclude that he disbelieved

\* "The Chinese Classics. With a translation, critical and exegetical notes, prolegomena, and copious indexes. By James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society, Hong Kong and London." In seven volumes. Vol. I. "Confucian Analects, the Great Learning, and the Doctrine of the Mean." 1861.—Vol. II. "Mencius." 1861.—Vol. III. (In two parts.) "The Book of History." 1865.  
"The Chinese Classics: A Translation. By James Legge, D.D." "Confucius and Mencius." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. 1870.



concerning them, but only that he did not consider them profitable for discussion. To one of his disciples, who asked about death, he replied: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" To another: "You need not wish to know whether the dead have knowledge or not. There is no present urgency about the point. Hereafter you shall know it for yourself." "Spiritual beings" are enumerated among the subjects on which he did not talk, and his definition of wisdom was "to give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them." Such language we do not find, with Dr. Legge, unworthy of the sage, but, taking into account the tendencies of his age, quite the contrary. That the national religion, Confucianism, as it is often incorrectly called, has escaped in great measure the degrading superstitions into which Buddhism and Taoism have fallen, is due largely to the influence of Confucius.

Little better foundation has the other charge, that he was "no friend of progress." He describes himself, it is true, as "a transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the Ancients." But in his political philosophy, which combines with much practical wisdom a clear insight into the conditions of social and political well-being, in his admiration for Yau and Shun, the first superiors, and the attempt to apply the lessons which he had learned, or persuaded himself that he had learned, from them to the cure of the disorders of his own time, Dr. Legge will probably find little ground of objection. The implication is, rather, that he is in some way responsible for the obstinate conservatism which now governs China, but which, we conceive, is due to other causes. Chinese civilization had worked out its problems centuries ago, and has since been travelling over the same ground, clinging to its old forms with the instinct of self-preservation. That, unlike other ancient civilizations, it has come down to us by an unbroken, living tradition is due above all to the wonderful conservative force of the Chinese character. With one phase of this character, the opposition to foreign intercourse, we are only too familiar, and we shall be less impatient with it if we reflect that we owe to the conservatism from which it springs all that makes the intercourse of value to us. The extravagant worship which the Chinese pay to the name of Confucius too often forces the Christian missionary into a position of antagonism to him, and Dr. Legge has thus been led, quite unconsciously, to do him less than justice. Mencius arouses no such opposition, and consequently meets with fairer treatment at his hands. No suppression or distortion of facts can, however, be laid to the charge of Dr. Legge, and, with the abundant materials which he has provided, it ought not to be difficult for any one to make the needful correction.

Dr. Legge's edition, though the expense of publication was generously assumed by an English resident in China, Mr. Joseph Jardine, is still too costly for general use, and a considerable portion of each volume, the Chinese text and notes bearing upon it, of little value except to the Chinese scholar. Messrs. Trübner & Co., Dr. Legge's English publisher, issued in 1867 an edition of the "Confucius" for the general reader, containing, besides the translation, so much of the introduction and notes as are needed to make it properly intelligible. We hope to see similar editions of some, at least, of the remaining volumes. But a bare reprint of the translation, like the volume which has recently come from the Riverside Press, containing the "Confucius" and "Mencius," without notes and without other introduction than short sketches of the two philosophers, is undesirable. The prospect which is held out when Dr. Legge's work is completed (and the reprint likewise) of an additional volume, to contain the necessary introductions, is too remote to be considered here. Even the translation seems not to have been printed with extraordinary care. By an oversight the last chapter of the first book of the "Confucian Analects" (chap. xvi.) is omitted, though the reference to it in the index is retained. It is this, and it were a pity to lose it: "The Master said, 'I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me; I will be afflicted that I do not know men.'" We must confess, also, that, if we had reprinted Dr. Legge's translation, even without his permission, we should have thought him entitled to a more respectful treatment than he receives from the anonymous editor of this edition; but this is perhaps only a foolish weakness on our part.

#### MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S "MAN AND WIFE."

FORMERLY Mr. Collins made mere stories, he said—narratives readable not because they taught some lesson, nor, primarily at least, because they contained lifelike personages, but mere stories interesting in virtue only of their incidents. He even used to make prefaces avowing in so

many words this faith of his, and defending and commending it. As a matter of fact, however, it was a faith which he seldom and imperfectly put in practice, and which in this last story he openly abandons. If, as their author asserted, his earlier works were in no sense "novels of purpose," and if they depended but little upon their personages, there is, nevertheless, almost none of them that is not as little a mere story pure and simple as if it had been written by the author of "Alton Locke" or the creator of Becky Sharp. They hold the reader's attention, not as an Arabian Night's tale, for instance, by the straightforward flow of incidents more or less novel and agreeable, but rather as it is held by a chess-problem or a rebus. It is doubtful if any of Mr. Collins's readers ever cared to read one of his stories twice, any more than one cares to turn again to a riddle one has already guessed. To construct a puzzle, to involve the personages of his tales in an elaborate complication seemingly inextricable, or intended to seem inextricable, and then to extricate them with an ingenuity usually too ostentatious and with such degree of probability as may be—this has always been Mr. Collins's method. And as his efforts to do simple story-telling have never come to much; so his effort in this novel to do something as a social reformer gives additional proof that he is essentially and always a constructor of elaborate plots. In these are involved personages who look something like humanity, and who would really look not unlike living beings if they were involved in events less improbable; and there is always in the books, together with the plots which are their substance, and the personages, who sometimes give evidence of the author's abilities as an observer, some thoughtful writing which at least shows his willingness to philosophize upon what he sees. Still, whether he is writing "The Woman in White," or formally marches into Mr. Charles Reade's and Mr. Dickens's territory, and sets himself to the task of demolishing muscular Christianity and the Scottish law of marriage, as his predecessors had attacked the circumlocution office, or the cruelties of private mad-houses, he is, after all, seen to have little liking for anything but the old puzzle business.

"Man and Wife" is confessedly a novel of purpose. It has in view two purposes, of which the one that Mr. Collins professes to have most at heart, and the one which does indeed best serve his turn as a novelist—the one which is of value in making the tangle—is not the one which really he has most at heart. He is utterly disgusted—almost, one would say, with the disgust that a feeble man may be supposed to feel at the strength which is as much beyond his reach as the moon—he is angry and disgusted with the prevalent worship of athleticism in England. The rising generation of English gentlemen, he asserts, are in process of being ruined by the admiration given to physical strength. To row well, to box well, to be swift-footed, to jump well, to develop the biceps, is the degrading and brutifying ambition of Young England. The result, he maintains, is that Young England has a beast's strength, but also a beast's weakness: it is without mind, soul, or morals. It has more than a beast's weakness; the muscular power of a man is no measure or guaranty of his vital power, and the typical athlete sacrifices to the surface life of the muscles the inner life of the heart, lungs, and brain. And as these organs are physically feeble, so are those powers of the man's higher nature which the words heart and brain express. Morally and mentally uncultivated Young England is not civilized, it is savage; it is not enlightened, but full of ignorance, pride, cruelty, perverted will, and gross stupidity. The young Prussian is training for command or for scholarship, is preparing himself to make his country great or to push forward still further the boundaries of human knowledge, while the young Englishman is training for a foot race or a rowing match—all his efforts ending in and with himself, and having no higher object than to make him a match for a waterman on the water and for a sparring-master on land. In short, Mr. Collins would probably say, without hesitation, that if English gentlemen lashed innocent negresses and ferociously murdered innocent negroes in Jamaica, under Eyre, and if they blew Sepoy soldiers into fragments in India, they did no more than give free expression to the characters which athletic England tends to form and does form.

In all this there is doubtless some truth; and much exaggeration. At all events, Geoffrey Delamayn, the villain and athlete of the story, is a mere monster, who may exist, but who, we imagine, is about as fair a specimen of the young Etonian or the Oxford rowing man as the "Girl of the Period" is of the average British young lady. He is gigantic in strength; he is gigantically stupid; he is remorselessly cruel and selfish; he is rudeness personified; he drinks beer when he is in training, and quantities of brandy when he is not; he talks, when he does talk, slang or monosyllables; he is unequal to the society of ladies; he "goes stale"

\* "Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins." New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

when he runs the great foot-race and loses it on account of his defective vital power, diminished by excessive muscular development; he seduces a beautiful and very refined, clever, and good governess; he begs his best friend (reminding him at the moment that once his petitioner saved his life) to carry a message to the girl, and then, discovering that he can betray him, he deliberately asserts that his friend is married to his mistress; forced to take back the heroine and acknowledge her as Mrs. Delamayn, his brutish mind seeks a safe way of murdering her, and to find it he has recourse to a set of the Newgate Calendar; he is by this time "gone stale" to the extent of having paralytic strokes because of his four or five years of violent sports, and just as his athleticism is coming to an appropriate ending in homicide, the book closes—everything coming out happily of course.

As we have said, Mr. Collins puts more feeling into this one of the two sermons that he preaches in "Man and Wife" than into the other. That, however, is the one on which his plot depends, and, in consideration of the fact that his protest against athletic pursuits is so overcharged as to be nearly worthless, and of the further fact that the plot does depend on it and that the plot is the novel, the second sermon, which is on the uncertainty of the Scotch law of marriage, is the more important. Miss Anne Silvester is the daughter of Mrs. Vanborough, whose husband, being an ambitious man, and having become, after his marriage, an immensely wealthy man, desired to rid himself of his wife, whom he thought beneath his station. She had been a singer on the stage. He discovers that there is an old Georgian act which renders his marriage invalid, and, without remorse for the mother of his child, he casts her off. She dies, leaving her daughter, who bears her mother's maiden name, to the charge of Lady Lundie, who receives her, while the mother says, "She is Anne Silvester as I was. *Will she end like Me?*" Now, the lawyer who discovered the flaw in the marriage of Mrs. Vanborough was a Mr. Delamayn, and thus Geoffrey Delamayn, the villain of "Man and Wife" and the seducer of the second Anne Silvester, is the son of the man who, not so directly, broke the heart of Anne Silvester the first. Having narrated these facts in a "Prologue," and thus obtained an appearance on the boards of that brummagem Destiny, or Fatality, or Iron Necessity he is so fond of, and having made some severe remarks upon the infamous character of the English law which Mr. Delamayn expounded, Mr. Collins proceeds to his real business, and narrates the trials of the heroine, and the miseries which, by means of the infamous Scottish laws, Geoffrey was able to work on her and all her friends. And the English law as at present existing also comes in for a further attack, one of the minor characters—one of Mr. Collins's regular deaf and dumb, mopping and mowing mysteries, with a blighted life—is a middle-aged murderess, who was compelled to smother her husband because, in virtue of the authority which the English law gives the *baron* over his *feme covert*, he made her life disastrous and an intolerable burden to her. It is of no consequence, but this personage kills her husband in so ingenious a way as never to have been suspected, and would never have been found out if she had not written "My confession, to be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die," and kept it in her stays. This document, we may add, Geoffrey gets hold of, and, by operating on the fears of the old woman, he causes her to arrange matters for the murder of Anne in the same way in which she had arranged them for the successful murder of Joel Dethridge. As we have spoken of this minor matter, we may say that, in other small things, he is much the same as usual—such touches as that of "My confession, to be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die," reminding one of Dickens when he is at almost his worst, are about as frequent in this as in any of the former books, and there are here, as there, other indications of Dickens's influence. We do not know if the necessary suggestion of Mr. Reade in the notion of making an attack on a social abuse the basis of a novel may not be the reason why we noticed, or thought we did, an attempt at following Mr. Reade in other particulars, and being familiarly philosophic in an epigrammatic way when the reader is to be enlightened as to the true explanation of certain anomalies to which the novelist calls his attention.

The novel has rather more than we had expected of the power—which we had been thinking Mr. Collins would not exert again in our own case—of securing the attention of the reader. This we attribute in part, but only in part, to the likableness of one or two of the characters, and to the amusingness of another—an old rascal of a Scotch waiter, whom our author hits off more than fairly well, though certainly he is worth a little more careful handling than he gets from Mr. Collins. Here is his first though not altogether his best appearance:

"Anne made no reply. She watched the landlady out of the room—and then struggled to control herself no longer. In her position, suspicion was doubly insult. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes; and the heartache wrung her, poor soul—wrung her without mercy.

"A trifling noise in the room startled her. She looked up and detected a man in the corner, dusting the furniture, and apparently acting in the capacity of attendant at the inn. He had shown her into the parlor on her arrival; but he had remained so quietly in the room that she had never noticed him since, until that moment.

"He was an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry. His head was bald; his feet were gouty; his nose was justly celebrated as the largest nose and the reddest nose in that part of Scotland. The mild wisdom of years was expressed mysteriously in his mellow smile. In contact with this wicked world, his manner revealed that happy mixture of two extremes—the servility which just touches independence, and the independence which just touches servility—attained by no men in existence but Scotchmen. Enormous native impudence, which amused but never offended; immeasurable cunning, masquerading habitually under the double disguise of quaint prejudice and dry humor, were the solid moral foundations on which the character of this elderly person was built. No amount of whiskey ever made him drunk; and no violence of bell-ringing ever hurried his movements. Such was the head waiter at the Craig Fernie Inn; known far and wide, to local fame, as 'Maister Bishopriggs, Mistress Inchbare's right-hand man.'

"What are you doing there?" Anne asked sharply.

"Mr. Bishopriggs turned himself about on his gouty feet, waved his duster gently in the air, and looked at Anne with a mild, paternal smile.

"Eh! Am just doostin' the things, and settin' the room in decent order for ye."

"For me? Did you hear what the landlady said?"

"Mr. Bishopriggs advanced confidentially, and pointed with a very unsteady forefinger to the purse which Anne still held in her hand.

"Never fash yersel' about the landlady!" said the sage chief of the Craig Fernie waiters. "Your purse speaks for you, my lassie. Pet it up!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, waving temptation away from him with the duster. "In wi' it into yer pocket! Sae long as the world's the world, I'll uphold it anywhere—while there's siller in the purse, there's gude in the woman!"

"Anne's patience, which had resisted harder trials, gave way at this.

"What do you mean by speaking to me in that familiar manner?" she asked, rising angrily to her feet again.

"Mr. Bishopriggs tucked his duster under his arm, and proceeded to satisfy Anne that he shared the landlady's view of her position, without sharing the severity of the landlady's principles. 'There's nae man livin',' said Mr. Bishopriggs, 'looks with mair indulgence at human frailty than my ain sel'. Am I no' to be familiar wi' ye—when I'm auld enough and ready to be a fether to ye till farther notice? Hech! hech! Order yer bit dinner, lassie. Husband or no husband, ye've got a stomach, and ye must e'en eat. There's fesh and there's fowl—or, maybe, ye'll be for the sheep's head singit, when they've done with it at the table dot!'

"There was but one way of getting rid of him: 'Order what you like,' Anne said, 'and leave the room.' Mr. Bishopriggs highly approved of the first half of the sentence, and totally overlooked the second.

"Ay, ay—just pet a' yer little interests in my hands, it's the wisest thing ye can do. Ask for Maister Bishopriggs (that's me) when ye want a decent, 'sponsible man to gi' ye a word of advice. Set ye doon again—set ye doon, and don't tak' the arm chair. Hech! hech! yer husband will be coming, ye know, and he's sure to want it.' With that seasonable pleasantry, the venerable Bishopriggs winked, and went out."

Besides Mr. Bishopriggs, there is the pleasant figure, more conventional, however, of Sir Patrick Lundie, who does the representing of "the old school"—the times when gentlemen were polite, and when snuff and social conversation had not been superseded by croquet and briar-wood pipes. The niece, Miss Blanche, also, who is one of Mr. Reade's young ladies, is agreeable like her prototypes; and there are one or two sketches of figures that are workmanlike and clever. We may add that the picture of the foot-race, though labored, is anything but effective, and shows an entire want of sympathy with the sort of struggle which the author is describing. The murdering scenes, also, we failed to be impressed by.

\* \* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
A Lost Piece of Silver.....	(Pott & Amery)
Cheyne (T. K.), The Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged.....	(Macmillan & Co.)
Church (Rev. R. W.), Saint Anselm.....	" "
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 42, swd.....	(T. Ellwood Zell) \$0 50
Feuillet (O.), Camors: a Tale.....	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Harsha (Rev. J. W.), The Song of the Redeemed.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Mason (Rev. F.), The Story of a Working-Man's Life.....	(Oakley, Mason & Co.) 2 00
O'Reilly (Eleanor), Children of the Church, 4th ed.....	(Pott & Amery)
Oxenden (Rev. A.), Words of Peace.....	" "
Oliphant (Mrs.), The Three Brothers: a Tale, swd.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
"Quirinus," Letters from Rome on the Council, swd.....	(Pott & Amery)
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